Guil'elmus Drummond
de Havtho rnden :
R. Gaywood fecit

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The most

ELEGANT,

AND

ELABORATE

POEMS

Of that Great

COURT-VVIT,

Mr *VVilliam Drummond.*

Whose Labours both in Verse & Prose,
being heretofore so precious to Prince
Henry, and to King *Charles*,
Shal live and flourish in all Ages, whiles there are men
to read them, or Art & Judgment to approve them.

Horat. *Carm.* Lib. 1.

——*Multaq; pars mei*
Vitabit Libitinam——

LONDON,
Printed for *William Rands* Bookseller, at his House
over against the *Beare* Taverne in
Fleetstreet. 1659.

To William Drummond of Hawthornden.

I Never rested on the Muses bed,
Nor dipt my Quill in the Thessalian *Fountaine,*
My rustick Muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountaine.

Then do not sparkes with your bright Suns compare,
Perfection in a Womans worke is rare;
From an untroubled mind should Verses flow;
My discontents makes mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of houshold care
Where these remaine, the Muses ne're repaire.

If thou dost extoll her Haire,
Or her Ivory Forehead faire,
Or those Stars whose bright reflection
Thrals thy heart in sweet subjection:
Or when to display thou seeks
The snow-mixt Roses on her Cheekes,
Or those Rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty Rows that meet.
The Chian *Painter as asham'd*
Hides his Picture so far fam'd;
And the Queen he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye,
Since those Lines do limne a Creature
That so far surpast her Feature.

When thou shew'st how fairest Flora
Branks with pride the banks of Ora,
So thy Verse her streames doth honour,
Strangers grow enamoured on her,
All the Swans that swim in Po
Would their native brooks forgo,
And as loathing Phœbus *beames,*
Long to bath in cooler streamos.
Tree-turn'd Daphne *would be seen*
In her Groves to flourish green,
And her Boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for thy haire,
That fairest Nymphs with finest fingers
May thee crown the best of singers.

But when thy Muse dissolv'd in show'rs,
Wailes that peerlesse Prince of ours,
Cropt by too untimely Fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senselesse things to see thee moane,
Stones do weep, and Trees do groane,
Birds in aire, Fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The Nymphs forgoing all their Bow'rs
Teare their Chaplets decke with Flow'rs;
Sol *himselfe with misty vapor*
Hides from earth his glorious Tapor,
And as mov'd to heare thee plaine
Shews his griefe in show'rs of raine.

Mary Oxlie of Morpet.

To the Reader.

Ingenious Reader,

TO ſay that theſe Poems are the effects of a Genius, the moſt polite and verdant that ever the Scottiſh Nation produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known, that that Country hath afforded many rare and admirable wits) yet it is not the higheſt that may be given him; for ſhould I affirme that neither *Taſſo*, nor *Guarini*, nor any of the moſt neat and refined ſpirits of *Italy*, nor even the choiceſt of our Engliſh Poets, can challenge to themſelves any advantages above him, it could not be judged any attribute ſuperiour to what he deſerves; nor ſhall I thinke it any arrogance to

maintain, that among all the severall fancies, that in these times have exercised the most nice and curious judgements, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves to be welcom'd into the world with greater estimation and applause: And though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally fam'd abroad, as many others, perhaps, of lesse esteeme, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all diminish, but rather advance his credit; For by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher admiration, and like the Sun emerging from a Cloud appeare at length with so much the more forcible Rayes. Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of *Scotland*, consider but the Language, how florid and ornate it is; consider the order, and the prudent conduct of his Story, and you will ranke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with *Thuanus* himselfe. Neither is he lesse happy in his Verse than Prose: for here are

all those graces met together that conduce any thing toward the making up of a compleat and perfect Poet, a decent and becomming Majesty, a brave and admirable height, and a wit so flowing, that *Jove* himselfe never dranke Nectar that sparkled with a more spritly lustre; should I dwell any longer (ingenuous Reader) upon the commendation of this incomparable Author, I should injure, thee by forestalling the freedome of thy owne judgement, and him by attempting a vain designe, since there is nothing can so well set him forth as his own works; besides the losse of time which is but trifled away so long as thou art detained from perusing the Poems themselves.

E.d P.hillips
Nephew to John
Milton, the Poet.

Vpon the incomparable Poems of Mr *William Drummond.*

TO praise these Poems well, there doth require
The self-same spirit, and that sacred fire
That first inspir'd them; yet I cannot choose
But pay an admiration to a Muse
That sings such handsome things; never brake forth,
From Climes so neare the Beare *so bright a worth;*
And I beleeve the Caledonian *Bow'rs*
Are full as pleasant, and as rich in flow'rs
As Tempe *e're was fam'd, since they have nourish'd*
A wit the most sublime that ever flourish'd;
There's nothing cold, or frozen, here contain'd,
Nothing that's harsh, unpolish'd, or constrain'd,
But such an ardour as creates the spring,
And throws a chearfulnesse on every thing;
Such a sweet calmnesse runs through every verse
As shews how he delighted to converse
With silence, and his Muse, among these shades
Which care, nor busie tumult, e're invades;
There would he oft, the adventures of his love
Relate unto the Fountaines, and the groves,
In such a straine as Laura *had admir'd*
Her Petrarch *more, had he been so inspir'd.*
Some, Phœbus *gives, a smooth and streaming vein,*
A grave and happy fancy some attaine,
Others unto a soaring height he lifts;
But here he hath so crouded all his gifts,

As if he had de ſign'd in one *to try,*
To what a pitch he could bring Poetry;
For every grace ſhould be receive a Crown,
There were not Bays enough in Helicon:
Fame courts his Verſe, and with immortall wings
Hovers about his Monument, and brings
A deathleſſe trophy to his memory;
Who, for ſuch honour, would not wiſh to dye?
Never could any times afford a Story
Of one ſo match'd unto great Sidney's *glory;*
Or Fame ſo well divided, as between
Penshurſt's *renowned ſhades, and* Hawthornden.

Edw:. Phillips.

Joanni

Joanni Scoto, Scoto-Tarvatio Equiti prælustri de Literatura optimè merito.

TArvati immensos recolens labores
Jure queis partes potiore primas
Asseram; haud vanis dubiè Laborant
Pectora curis;

Sive quod divæ Cathedra renidens
Ultimæ, terras habitantis annos,
Ter quater ternos veluti sacer fons
Juris, & æqui;

Sive quod Cæcos patriæ recessus
Ut stilo pingat mage qui polito
Tesqua, & incultas salebras recenti
Inserat Orbi?

Sive quod vates patriæ minores
(Forte noscendi serius nec ipsis
Civibus) toto celebrentur Orbe
Vindice Scoto?

Blandiores qu'd memorem Camænas,
Oris antiquâ prope sede pulsas,
Sedibus priscis prope restitutas,
Auspice Scoto?

Orphæos

Orphanos ſanis quod & inſtruendos
Artibus curæ tibi, cenſibus, quos
Ambitu pravo repulere Muſis
Gymnaſiarchæ.

Sit licet rarum putatis horum
Quodlibet curæ ſpecimen, fatiſcunt
Dum frui poſthiminio recordor,
Te duce fratrem;

Nempe ſic olim ſtudio & Labore
Torvus Alcides ſtygiis ab undis
Reddidit terris domito Trifauci
Theſea monſtro.

Sic eat, clari hæc monumenta vatis,
Neſciant ævi imperium ſeveri
Regia, aſt ſpernant Phlegetonta, & Orci
Jura ſuperbi.

D. F.

De Gulielmo Drummondo.

QUæſivit Latio Buchananus carmine Laudem,
Et patrios dura reſpuit aure modos
Cum poſſit Latiis Buchananum vincere Muſis
Drummondus, patrio maluit ore loqui,
Major ut eſt, primas hinc defert Scotia, vates,
Vix inter Latios, ille ſecundus erat.

To W. D.

SOme will not leave that Truſt to Friend, nor Heire,
But their own winding-Sheet themſelves prepare;
Fearing, perhaps ſome courſer Cloath might ſhrond
The wormes deſcended from their noble Blood:
And ſhalt not thou (that juſtlier maiſt ſuſpect
For courſer ſtuffe, in ſuch a dull neglect
Of all the Arts, and dearth of Poetry)
Compoſe before hand thine own Elegy?
Who but thy ſelfe is capable to write
A Verſe, or, if they can, to faſhion it
Unto thy Praiſes? None can draw a Line
Of thy perfections, but a hand divine.
If thou wilt needs impoſe this Taſk on us
(A greater Work than beſt Wits can diſcuſs).
We will but only ſo far Embleme Thee,
As in a circle, men, the Deity.
A wreath of Bayes we'll lay upon thy Herſe;
For that ſhall ſpeake Thee better than our Verſe:
That art in number of thoſe Things, whoſe end,
Nor whoſe beginning we can comprehend.
A Star, which did the other Day appeare,
T'enlighten up our dark'ned Hemiſphеare:
Nor can we tell nor how, nor whence it came,
Yet feele the heat of thy admired flame.
'Twas thou that thaw'd our North; 'twas thou didſt cleare
The eternall miſts which had beſet us here,
Till by thy golden Beames and powerfull Ray
Thou chas'd hence Darkneſſe, and brought out the Day.

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Till by thy golden Beames and powerfull Ray
Thou chas'd hence Darkneſſe, and brought out the Day.

But

But as the Sun, though he beſtow all Light
On us, yet hinders by the ſame our ſight
To gaze on him; So thou, though thou diſpence
Far more on us by thy bright influence,
Yet ſuch is thy tranſcendent brightneſſe, we
Thereby are dazled, and cannot reach thee;
Then art thou leſs'ned, ſhould we bound thy Praiſe
T' our narrow dull conceit, which cannot raiſe
Themſelves beyond a vulgar Theame, nor flye
A pitch like unto thine in Poeſie;
Yet (as the greateſt Kings have ſometimes dain'd
The ſmalleſt Preſents from a poore mans hand;
When pure devotion gave them) it may be
Your Genius *will accept a mite from me:*
It ſpeaks my Love, although it reach not you;
And you are praiſed, when I would ſo do.

John Spotſwood.

POEMS.

The First Part.

IN my first Prime, when childish Humours fed
My wanton Wit, ere I did know the Blisse
Lies in a loving Eye, or amorous Kisse,
Or with what Sighs a Lover warmes his Bed;
By the sweet *Thespian* Sisters Errour led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect Red and White,
But [God wote] knew not what was in my Head,
Love smil'd to see me take so great Delight,
To turne those *Antiques* of the Age of Gold,
And that I might more *Mysteries* behold,
He set so faire a *Volume* to my Sight,
That I *Ephemerides* laid aside,
Glad on his blushing Book my Death to read.

SON.

I Know that all beneath the *Moon* decaies,
And what by Mortalls in this World is brought,
In *Times* great Periods shall returne to nought;
That faireſt *States* have fatall Nights and Daies.
I know that all the *Muſes* heavenly Layes,
With Toyle of Spright, which are ſo dearely bought,
As *idle ſounds*, of few, or none are ſought,
That there is nothing lighter than vaine Praiſe.
I know fraile *Beauty* like the purple Floure,
To which one Morne oft Birth and Death affords,
That Love a jarring is of Minds Accords,
Where *Senſe* and *Will* bring under *Reaſons* Power:
Know what I liſt, this all can not me move,
But that (*alas*) I both muſt write, and love.

SON.

YE who ſo curiouſly do paint your Thoughts,
Enlightning ev'ry Line in ſuch a guiſe,
That they ſeem rather to have fallen from Skies,
Than of a humane Hand by mortall Draughts.
In one Part *Sorrow* ſo tormented lies,
As if his Life at ev'ry Sigh would part;
Love Here blindfolded ſtands with Bow and Dart,
There *Hope* looks pale, *Deſpaire* with flaming Eyes:
Of my rude Penſill look not for ſuch Art,
My Wit I find too little to deviſe
So high Conceptions to expreſſe my ſmart,
And ſome ſay *Love* is faign'd that's too too wiſe.
Theſe troubled Words and Lines confus'd you find,
Are like unto their Modell, *my ſick Mind.*

SON.

Aye me, and I am now the Man whose Muse
In happier Times was wont to laugh at *Love*,
And those who suff'red that blind Boy abuse
The noble Gifts were given them from above.
What *Metamorphose* strange is this I prove?
My selfe now scarce I find my selfe to be,
And thinke no Fable *Circes* Tyrannie,
And all the Tales are told of changed *Jove*;
Vertue hath taught with her *Philosophy*
My mind unto a better Course to move,
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affections Power, but what is that to me?
Who ever thinke, and never thinke on Ought
But that bright *Cherubine* which thralls my Thought.

SON.

HOw that vaste Heaven intitl'd *First* is rol'd,
If any glancing *Towres* beyond it be,
And *People* living in Eternity,
Or *Essence* pure that doth this *All* uphold:
What motion have those *fixed Sparkes* of Gold,
The *wandring Carbuncles* which shine from high,
By Sprights, or Bodies crosse-waies in the Skie,
If they be turn'd, and mortall Things behold.
How *Sun* posts Heaven about, how *Nights pale Queen*
With borrowed Beames lookes on this hanging *Round*,
What cause faire *Iris* hath, and Monsters seene
In Aires large Fields of light, and Seas profound,
Did hold my wandring Thoughts, when thy sweet Eye
Bade me leave all, and only thinke on Thee.

SONG.

FAire is my Yoake, though grievous be my Paines,
Sweet are my Woundes, although they deeply smart,
My Bit is Gold, though shortened be the Reines,
My Bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burne, the Fire which doth impart
Those Flames, so sweet reviving Force containes,
That like *Arabia's* Bird my wasted Heart
Made quick by Death, more lively still remaines.
I joy though oft my waking Eyes spend Teares,
I never want Delight, even when I grone,
Best companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of Hopes I have midst Hells of Feares:
Thus every way Contentment strange I find,
But most in Her rare Beauty, my rare Mind.

SONG.

VAunt not, fair *Heaven*, of your two glorious Lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their Beames divine
Both in one Place, but part by Daies and Nights;
Earth vaunt not of those Treasures ye enshrine,
Held only deare, because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,
Snow-passing Ivory that the Eye delights.
Nor Sea of those deare Wares are in you found,
Vaunt not, rich Pearle, red Corrall which do stir
A fond desire in Fooles to plunge your Ground;
These all more faire are to be had in Her:
Pearle, Ivory, Corrall, Diamond, Suns, Gold,
Teeth, Neck, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Haire are to behold.

When

SON.

WHen *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All *Auriſtellas* Parts, except her Eyes,
To make thoſe Twins two Lamps in *Beauties* Skies,
She Counſell'd her *Starry Senate* ſought.
Mars and *Apollo* firſt did her adviſe,
To wrap in Colour Black, thoſe Comets bright,
That *Love* him ſo might ſoberly diſguiſe,
And unperceived Wound at every Sight.
Chaſte *Phœbe* ſpake for pureſt azure dies;
But *Jove* and *Venus* green about the Light,
To frame thought beſt, as bringing moſt Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for aye ariſe:
Nature [all ſaid] a *Paradiſe* of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them ſeen.

SON.

NOw while the *Night* her ſable Vaſle hath ſpred,
And ſilently her reſty Coach doth rolle,
Rowſing with Her from *Tethis* azure Bed,
Thoſe ſtarry *Nymphs* which dance about the Pole,
While *Cynthia* in pureſt Cipres cled,
The *Latmian* Shepheard in a Trance deſcries,
And looking pale from height of all the Skies,
She dies her Beauties in a bluſhing Red,
While *Sleep* (in Triumph) cloſed hath all Eyes,
And Birds, and Beaſts a Silence ſweet do keep,
And *Proteus* monſtrous People in the Deep,
The Winds and Waves (huſht up) to reſt entiſe,
I wake, I turne, I weep oppreſt with Paine,
Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Braine.

SON.

Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortals brings,
Indifferent Host to Shepheards and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds which are oppresst.
Loe, by thy Charming Rod all breathing Things
Lie slumbring, with Forgetfulnesse possest,
And yet o're me to spread thy drowsie Wings
Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to shew,
With fained Solace ease a true felt Woe;
Or if *deafe God* thou do deny that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kisse the *Image of my Death.*

SON.

FAire *Moone* who with thy cold and silver Shine,
Makes sweet the Horror of the dreadfull *Night*,
Delighting the weake Eye with smiles divine,
Which *Phœbus* dazels with his too much Light,
Bright Queen of the *first Heaven*, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heavens eternall Might,
Thou hast not yet that *once sweet Fire* of thine
Endemion, forgot, and Lovers Plight:
If Cause like thine may Pity breed in thee,
And Pity somewhat else to it obtaine,
Since thou hast Power of Dreames as well as He
That holds the golden Rod, and Morall Chaine:
Now while She sleeps in dolefull Guise her Show,
Theie Teares, and the black *Map* of all my Woe.

Lampe

SON.

LAmpe of Heavens Christall Hall that brings the
Eye-dazeler, who makes the ugly *Night* (Houres,
At thy Approach flie to her slumbry Bowres,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.
Life of all lives, Death-giver by thy flight
To the south Pole from these sixe Signes of ours,
Gold-smith of all the Stars, with Silver bright
Who *Moone* enamells, *Apelles* of the Flowers.
Ah from those watry Plaines thy golden Head
Raise up, and bring the so long lingring *Morne*,
A Grave, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,
This Bed so grievously where I am torne:
But *woe is* me though thou now brought the Day,
Day shall but serve moe Sorrows to display.

SONG.

IT was the time when to our Northerne Pole
The brightest Lampe of Heaven begins to rolle,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And scorning Skies her Flowres in Rain-bows beareth,
On which the Aire moist Diamonds doth bequeath,
Which quake to feele the kissing Zephires *breath:*
When Birds from shady Groves their Love forth warble,
And Sea-like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Mar- (ble,
When I in simple course free from all Cares,
Far from the muddy Worlds inslaving snares.
By Oras *flowry Bankes alone did wander:*
Ora *that sports her like to old* Meander,
A Floud more worthy Fame and lasting praise
Then that so high which Phaëtons *fall did raise:*
By whose pure moving Glasse the Milke-white Lillies
Do dresse their tresses and the Daffadillies.
Where Ora *with a Wood is crown'd about*
And (seems) forgets the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious Fountaine
Springs from the swelling brest of a proud Mountaine,
Whose falling Streames the quiet Cavernes wound,
And make the Echoes *shrill resound that sound.*
The Laurell there the shing Channell graces,
The Palm her Love with long stretch'd Arms embraces,
The Poplar spreads her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from sight that azure Canopy.
The Streams the Trees, the Trees their leaves still nourish,
That Place grave Winter *finds not without flourish.*
If living Eyes Elysian *fields could see*
This little Arden *might* Elysium *be.*
Oft did Diana *there her selfe repose,*
And Mars *the* Acidalian *Queen enclose.*

The

The Nymphs *oft here their baskets bring with Flow'rs,*
And Anadems weave for their Paramours,
The Satyres *in those shades are heard to languish,*
And make the Shepheards partners of their anguish,
The Shepheards who in Barkes of tender Trees
Do grave their Loves, Disdaines, and Jealousies:
Which Phillis *when there by Her Flocks she feedeth,*
With Pitty now, anon, with laughter readeth.

Neare to this place when Sun in midst of Day
In highest top of Heaven his Coach did stay,
And (as advising) on his Career glanced
As all along, that morne he had advanced
His panting Steeds along those Fields of light,
Most princely looking from that glorious height:
When most the Grashoppers are heard in Meadows,
And loftiest Pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my hap. O woefull hap! to bide
Where thickest shades me from all Raies did hide,
In a faire Arbor, 'twas some Sylvans *Chamber,*
Whose Seeling spred was with the Locks of Amber
Of new bloom'd Sicamors, Floore wrought with Flow'rs,
More sweet and rich than those in Princes Bow'rs.
Here Adon *blush't, and* Clitia *all amazed*
Looks pale, with Him who in the Fountaine gazed,
The Amaranthus *smyl'd, and that sweet Boy*
Which sometime was the God of Delos *joy:*
The brave Carnation, speckled Pinke here shined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a steepy Chasbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her leaves did here unfold.

Now while that ravish'd with delight and wonder,
Halfe in a trance I lay those Arches under,
The season, silence, place, begant' entise,
Eyes drowsie lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which softly having stollen themselves together
(Like evening Clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.

As

As Cowards leave the Fort which they should keep,
My senses one by one gave place to Sleep,
Who followed with a troupe of golden Slumbers
Thrust from my quiet Brame all base encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heaven of Visions in my Temples roll'd,
To countervaile those Pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.

Me thought through all the neighbour Woods a noise
Of Quiristers, *more sweet than Lute or voice,*
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove *are given*
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd Heaven,
Such aires, and nothing else) did wound mine Eare,
No Soule but would become all Eare to heare:
And whilst I listning lay, O lovely wonder!
I saw a pleasant Mirtle cleave asunder;
A Mirtle great with birth, from whose rent wombe
Three naked Nymphs *more white than Snow forth come.*
For Nymphs *they seem'd, about their heavenly faces*
In Waves of Gold floted their curling Tresses.
About their armes, their Armes more white than milke,
They blushing Armlets wore of crimson Silke.
The Goddesses were such that by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia *and her Sisters such perchance*
Be when about some sacred Spring they dance.
But scarce the Grove their naked Beauties graced,
And on the Verdure had each other traced
When to the Flood they ran, the Flood in Robes
Of curling Christall their brests Ivory Globes
Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure
To show white Snows throughout her liquid Azure.

Look how Prometheus *Man when heavenly fire*
First gave him Breath, Daies Brandon did admire,
And wondred at this Worlds Amphitheater:
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the Water.

All

All three were faire, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus *doth the* Cyprian *Star,*
Or Diamonds, small Gems, or Gems do other,
Or Pearls that shining shell is call'd their Mother.
Her Haire more bright than are the Mornings Beames
Hung in a golden shewer above the Streames.
And dangling sought her fore-head for to cover,
Which seen did straight a Skie of Milke discover,
With two faire Brows, Loves *Bows which never bend*
But that a golden Arrow forth they send
Beneath the which two burning Planets *glancing*
Flasht flames of Love, for Love there still is dancing.
Her either Cheeke resembled blushing Morne,
Or Roses Gueles *in field of Lillies borne:*
'Twixt which an Ivory Wall so faire is raised,
That it is but abased when it's praised.
Her Lips like Rowes of Corrall so did swell,
And th'one like th'other only doth excell:
The Tyrian *Fish looks pale, pale look the Roses,*
The Rubies pale, when mouth sweet Cherry closes.
Her Chin like silver Phœbe *did appeare*
Darke in the midst to make the rest more cleare:
Her Neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias *Master,*
Most smooth, most white, a peece of Alabaster.
Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her brest,
Which did their tops with Corrall red encrest:
There all about as Brooks them sport at leisure,
Wch Circling Branches veines did swell in azure:
Within those crookes are only found those Isles
Which Fortunate *the dreaming old World stiles.*
The rest the Streames did hide, but as a Lilly
Sunke in a Christall faire transparent Belly.
I who yet humane weaknesse did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that Archers Bow,
Nor could I thinke that from the coldest Water
The winged Tongling burning Flames could scatter)

On every part my vagabounding sight
Did cast, and drowne mine Eyes in sweet Delight,
O wondrous thing (said I) that Beauty is named!
Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,
And never found in all my flying Daies
Joy unto this, which only merits praise.
My pleasures have been paines, my comforts crosses,
My treasure poverty, my gaines but losses.
O precious sight! which none doth else descry
Except the burning Sun, and quivering I.
And yet O deare-bought Sights! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
O happy Flood! if so ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this Moments Pride,
Adjure your Rillets all for to behold Her,
And in their Christall Armes to come and fold Her;
And sith ye may not long this Blisse embrace,
Draw thousand Pourtraits of Her on your Face,
Pourtraits which in my Heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my Brest but were transparent.
O that I were while She doth in you play,
A Daulphine to transport Her to the Sea!
To none of all those Gods I would Her render,
From Thule to Inde though I should with Her wander.
Oh! what is this? the more I fixe mine Eye,
Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espie,
The more I spie, the more in uncouth fashion
My Soule is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
But looke not Eyes, (as more I would have said)
A sound of rattling Wheeles me all dismaid,
And with the sound forth from the trembling Rushes,
With storme-like course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,
A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheeles were Gold,
The Nailes and Axel Gold on which it roll'd:
The upmost part a Scarlet Vaile did cover,
More rich than Danaes Lap spred with her Lover.

In midst of it in a triumphing Chaire,
A Lady sate miraculously faire,
Whose pensive Countenance, and looks of Honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on Her,
Than she most wanton Face, and amorous Eyes,
That Amathus or flowry Paphos sees,
A Crue of Virgins made a Ring about Her,
The Diamond she they seem the Gold without Her.
Such Thetis is when to the Billows rare
With Mermaids nice she danceth on the Shore:
So in a sable Night the Suns bright Sister
Among the lesser twinckling Lights doth glister.
Faire Tookes of Ermelines whose Colour passe
The whitest Snows on aged Grampius Face,
More swift than Venus Birds this Chorus guided
To the astonish'd Banks, where as it bided
But long it did not bide, when prest those Streames
Aye me it made, transporting those rich Gemmes,
And by that Burthen lighter, swiftly drived
Till (as me thought) it at a Tow'r arrived:
Upon a Rock of Christall shining cleare
With Diamonds wrought this Castell did appeare,
Whose rising Spires of Gold so high the reared
That Atlas like it seem'd the Heaven they beared.
Amidst which Highst an Arches did arise
(Arches which guilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
Of sparking Topaces, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,
(Like to a little Heaven) a sacred Temple.
The Walls no Windows have, may all the Wall
Is but one Window, Night there dare not fall
More when the Sun up (Westerne World declineth,
Than in our Zenith when at Noone He shineth.
Two flaming Hills the passage strait defend
Which to this radiant Building doth ascend,
Upon whose Arching tops on a Pilastre
A Port stands open, rais'd in Loves Disastre

For none that narrow Bridge and gate can passe,
Who have their Faces seen in Venus *Glasse.*
If those within, but to come forth do venter,
That stately Place againe they never enter.
The Precinct's strengthened with a Dutch of Feares,
In which doth swell a Lake of Inky Teares
Of madding Lovers, who abide their mourning,
And thicken even the Aire with plaints groaning.
This Hold to brave the Skies the Destines *fram'd,*
And then the Fort of Chastity *it nam'd.*
The Queen of the third Heaven once to appall it,
The God of Thrace *Heve brought who could not thrall it;*
For which he vow'd we're Armes more to put on,
And on Riphean *Hills was heard to groan.*
Here Psyches *Lover hurles his Darts at random,*
Which all for nought him serve, as doth his Brandon.
What grievous Agony did invade my Mind?
When in that Place my Hope I saw confin'd,
Where with high-towring Thoughts I only reacht her,
Which did burne up their Wings when they approacht her.
Me thought I set me by a Cypresse *shade,*
And Night and Day the Hyacinthe there read:
And that bewailing Nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my Plaint, and sorrow of my Sorrow.
My food was Worm-wood, mine own Teares my drinke,
My rest, on Death and sad Mishaps to thinke.
And for such Thoughts to have my Heart enlarged,
And ease mine Eyes with brinie Tribute charged,
Over a Brook I laid my pining Face:
But then the Brooke as griev'd at my Disgrace,
A Face Me shew'd so pin'd, sad, ovir clouded,
That at the Sight afray'd mine Eyes them shrowded.
This is the guerdon Love, *this is the Game,*
In end which to thy Servants doth remaine.
More would I say; when Feare made Sleep *to leave me,*
And of those fatall Shadowes did bereave me.

But

But ah alas! instead to dreame of Love,
And Woes, I now them in effect did prove:
For what into my troubl'd Braine was painted,
Awak'd I found that Time and Place presented.

SONNETS.

AH burning Thoughts now let me take some Rest,
And your tumultuous Broyles a while appease:
Is't not enough, *Stars*, *Fortune*, *Love* molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?
Let Hope (though false) yet lodge within my brest,
My high Attempt (though dangerous) yet praise:
What though I trace not right Heavens steppy waies,
It doth suffice my Fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on Daies, I feare not *Death*,
So that my Life be good, I wish't not long;
Let me Renown'd live from the Worldly Throng,
And when Heaven lists, recall this borrowed Breath.
Men but like Visions are, Time all doth claime,
He lives who dies to win a lasting Name.

SON.

THat learned *Grecian* who did so excell
In Knowledge passing Sense, that he is nam'd
Of all the after Worlds *Divine*, doth tell
That all the Time when first our Soules are fram'd,
Ere in these Mansions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright Rayes of that *Eternall light*,
And others see, know, love, in Heavens great height,
Not toyld with ought to *Reason* do rebell.
It is most true, for straight at the first sight
My Mind me told that in some other place
It elsewhere saw th' *Idea* of that face,
And lov'd a love of Heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feele so faire a flame,
Sith I her lov'd ere on this *Earth* She came?

Nor

SON.

NOr *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor ſtately *Tiber*,
Sebethus, nor the Flood into whoſe ſtreames
He fell who burnt the world with borrowed beames,
Gold-rolling *Tagus*, *Munda*, famous *Iber*,
Sorgue, *Roſne*, *Loire*, *Garron*, nor proud-banked *Seine*,
Peneus, *Phaſis*, *Xanthus*, humble *Ladon*,
Nor *She* whoſe Nymphes excell her loved *Adon*
Faire *Tameſis*, nor *Iſter* large, nor *Rheine*,
Enphrates, *Tigris*, *Indus*, *Hermus*, *Gange*,
Pearly *Hydaſpes*, Serpent-like *Meander*.
The Floud which robbed *Hero* of *Leander*,
Nile that far far his hidden Head doth range,
Have ever had ſo rare a cauſe of praiſe,
As *Ora* where this *Northerne Phœnix* ſtayes.

SON.

TO heare my plaints faire River Chriſtalline
Thou in a ſilent ſlumber ſeems to ſtay,
Delicious Flowers Lilly and Columbine,
Ye bow your Heads when I my Woes diſplay.
Forreſts in you the *Mirtle*, *Palme* and *Bay*,
Have had compaſſion liſtning to my groanes,
The Winds with ſighs have ſolemniz'd my moanes
'Mong leaves, which whiſper'd what they could not ſay,
The Caves, the Rocks, the Hills, the *Sylvans* Thrones,
(As if even pitty did in them appeare,)
Have at my ſorrow rent their ruthleſſe ſtones,
Each thing I find hath ſence except my Deare,
Who doth not thinke I love, or will not know
My Griefe, perchance delighting in my woe.

Sweet

SON.

SWeet Brook, in whose cleare Christall I my eyes
Have oft seen great in labour of their teares,
Enamell'd Banke whose shining gravell beares
These sad Characters of my miseries;
High Woods, whose mounting tops menace the Spheares,
Wild Citizens, *Amphions* of the Trees,
You gloomy Groves at hottest Noons which freeze,
Elysian shades which *Phœbus* never cleares;
Vaste solitary Mountaines pleasant Plaines,
Embroydred Meads that *Ocean*-waies you reach;
Hills, Dales, Springs, All whom my sad cry constraines
To take part of my plaints, and learne woes speech,
Will that remorteleſſe faire e're pity show?
Of grace now answer if ye ought know. *No.*

SON.

WIth flaming Horns the *Bull* now brings the yeare,
Melt do the *Mountains* trouling floods of Snow,
The silver Rivers in smooth Channels flow,
The Late-bare Woods green Anadems do weare.
The Nightingall forgetting *Winters* woe,
Cals up the lazy *Morne* her notes to heare,
Spread are those Flow'rs which *names of Princes* beare,
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there be-wailing stayes
A harmeleſſe Lambe, not far a Stag rebounds;
The Shepheards sing to grazing flocks sweet Layes,
And all about the Eechoing Aire resounds.
Hils, Dales, Woods, Flouds, ev'ry thing doth change,
But *She* in *rigour*, *I* in *Love* am strange.

SON.

THat I so slenderly set forth my Mind,
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,
Orecharg'd with brasse in these so golden Times
When others owre so high, am left behind:
I crave not *Phœbus* leave his sacred Cell
To bind my Brows with fresh *Aonian* Baies;
But leave't to those who toning Sweetest Laies
By *Tempe* sit, or *Aganippes* Well;
Nor yet to *Venus* Tree do I aspire,
Sith *She* for whom I might effect that praise,
My best attempts with cruell words gainsaies,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping *Myrrhe* the Crowne is which I crave,
With a sad *Cypresse* to adorne my Grave.

MADRIGALL.

WHen as She *smiles I find*
More light before mine Eyes,
Than when the Sun from Inde
Brings to our World a fayry Paradise:
But when She *gently weeps,*
And poures forth pearly showers,
On cheeks faire blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burne,
Love *to behold her smile, or* Pity *mourne.*

My

SON.

MY Teares may well *Numidian* Lions tame,
And Pity breed into the hardeſt heart
That ever *Pyrrha* did to Maid impart,
When She them firſt of bluſhing Rocks did frame:
Ah Eyes which only ſerve to waile my ſmart,
How long will you my inward Woes proclaime,
May 't not ſuffice you beare a weeping Part
All Night, at day but you muſt do the ſame?
Ceaſe idle Sighs to ſpend your Stormes in vaine,
And theſe ſweet ſilent thickets to moleſt,
Containe you in the Priſon of my Breſt,
You do not eaſe but aggravate my Paine;
Or if burſt forth you muſt, that Tempeſt move
In ſight of her whom I ſo dearely love.

SON.

YOu reſtleſſe Seas appeaſe your roaring Waves,
And you who raiſe huge Mountaines in that Plaine
Aires Trumpeters, your hideous ſounds containe,
And liſten to the plaints my griefe doth cauſe.
Eternall *Lights!* though adamantine Laws
Of Deſtinies to move ſtill you ordaine,
Turne hither all your Eyes, your Axels pauſe,
And wonder at the Torments I ſuſtaine.
Sad Earth, if thou made dull by my diſgrace
Be not as ſenſeleſſe, aske thoſe Powers above
Why they ſo croſt a Wretch brought on thy Face,
Fram'd for miſhap, th' *Anachorit* of Love,
And bid them (that no more *Etnas* may burne)
To *Erimanth'* or *Rhodope* me turne.

SON.

IF croſt with all miſhaps be my poore Life,
If one ſhort day I never ſpent in mirth,
If my Sp'rit with it ſelfe holds lasting ſtrife,
If ſorrows death is but new ſorrows birth;
If this vaine World be but a mournfull Stage,
Where ſlave-borne Man plaies to the laughing Stars,
If Youth be toſs'd with Love, with Weakneſſe Age,
If Knowledge ſerves to hold our Thoughts in Wars,
If *Time* can cloſe the hundred Mouths of *Fame*,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that's to be,
If *Poets* be only but an *Idle Name*,
If being borne I was but borne to dye;
Why ſeek I to prolong theſe loathſome daies?
The faireſt *Roſe* in ſhorteſt time decaies.

SON.

ALl other Beauties howſoe're they ſhine
In Haires more bright than is the golden Ore,
Or cheeks more faire than faireſt *Eglantine*,
Or hands like hers that comes the Sun before:
Match'd with that Heavenly Hew, and ſhape divine,
With thoſe deare Stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as ſhaddows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine.
Who ſees thoſe Eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not *Venus* Son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not ſence, or knows not what is Love?
To ſee thee had *Narciſſus* had the grace,
He would have died with wondring on thy Face.

SEXTAIN.

THe Heaven doth not containe so many Stars,
Nor levell'd lye so many leaves in Woods,
When Autumne *and cold* Boreas *sound their* Wars,
So many Waves have not the Ocean Floods,
As my torn Mind hath torments all the Night,
And Heart spends Sighs, when Phœbus *brings the* Light.

Why was I made a Partner of the Light,
Who crost in birth, by bad aspect of Stars,
Have never since had happy Day nor Night?
Why was not I a liver in the Woods,
Or Citizen of Thetis *christall* Floods,
But fram'd a Man for Love *and* Fortunes Wars?

I look each Day when Death should end the [illegible],
Uncivill Wars 'twixt Sense *and* Reasons Li[illegible],
My Paines I count to Mountaines, Meads an[illegible]*ds,*
And of my sorrow Partners make the Stars,
All Desolate I haunt the fearfull Woods,
When I should give my selfe to rest at Night.

With watchfull Eyes I ne'r beheld the Night
Mother of Peace, but ah *to me of* Wars,
And Cynthia *Queen like shining through the* Woods,
But straight those Lamps come in my thought whose Light
My Judgement dazel'd, passing brightest Stars,
And then my Eyes in-isle themselves with Floods.

Turne to their Springs againe first shall the Floods,
Cleare shall the Sun the sad and gloomy Night,
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Stars,
The Elements renew their ancient Wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of Place and Light,
Ere I find rest in City, Fields, or Woods.

End these my daies you Inmates of the Woods,
Take this my Life ye deep and raging Flouds,
Sun never rise to cleare me with thy Light,
Horror *and* Darknesse *keep a lasting* Night,
Consume me Care with thy intestine Wars,
And stay your Influence o're me bright Stars.

In vaine the Stars, *th' Inhabitants o'th'* Woods,
Care, Horror, Wars *I call and raging* Floods,
For all have sworne no Night *shall dim my* Sight.

SON.

O Sacred Blush enpurpling Cheekes, pure skies
With crimson Wings which spred thee like the
O bashfull look sent from those shining eyes, (*Morne,*
Which t[illegible]h slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorne.
O Tong[illegible] which most lushious Nectar lies,
That c[illegible] once both blesse and make forlorne,
Deare corrall Lip which *Beauty* beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were borne.
And you her Words, Words no, but golden Chaines
Which did inslave my eares, ensnare my soule,
Wise Image of her Mind, Mind that containes
A power all Power of *Senses* for to controule:
So sweetly you from Love disswade do me,
That I love more, if more my Love can be.

Sound

SON.

SOund hoarse sad *Lute*, true witnesse of my woe,
And strive no more to ease selfe-chosen paine
With soule-enchanting sounds, your accents straine
Unto these teares incessantly which flow.
Sad Treeble weep, and you dull Basses show
Your Masters sorrow *in a doleful straine*;
Let never joyfull Hand upon you go,
Nor Consort keep but when you do complaine.
Flie *Phœbus* Raies, abhor the irkesome Light,
Woods solitary shades for thee are best,
Or the black horrours of the blackest Night,
When all the *World* save Thou and I do rest:
Then sound sad Lute and beare a mourning part,
Thou *Hell* canst move, though not a Womans *Heart*.

SON.

IN vaine I haunt the cold and *Silver Springs*,
To quench the Fever burning in my veines,
In vaine (*Loves* pilgrim) Mountaines, Dales and Plains
I over-run, vaine help long absence brings.
In vain my Friends your Counsell me constraines
To fly, and place my Thoughts on other things;
Ah like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more *I* move the greater are my paines.
Desire (alas) *Desire* a *Zeuxis* new,
From th' *Orient* borrowing Gold, from *Westerne* skies
Heavenly *Cinabre*, sets before my Eyes
In every place, her Haire, sweet look, and Hue:
That flie, run, rest *I*, all doth prove but vaine,
My life lies in those Eyes which have me slaine.

SON.

SLide soft faire *Forth*, and make a Christall Plaine,
Cut your white Locks, and on your foamy Face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The Boat that *Earths Perfections* doth containe.
Winds wonder, and through wondring hold your pace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restraine
From sending sighs, *feeling a Lovers Case*,
Sigh, and in her faire haire your selves enchaine.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed brest, and fill the sailes,
Or some sweet breath new brought from *Paradise*:
The flouds do smile, *Love* o're the winds prevailes;
And yet huge Waves arise, the cause is this,
The *Ocean* strives with *Forth* the Boat to kisse.

SON.

TRust not sweet soule those curled waves of Gold
With gentle Tides that on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples spred with Flakes of Virgin snow,
Nor snow of Cheeks with *Tyrian* graine enrold.
Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure Raies behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the *Thracian* Harper have been told:
Look to this dying *Lilly*, fading *Rose*,
Darke *Hyacinthe*, of late whose blushing Beames
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grasse rejoyce,
And thinke how little is 'twixt Lifes extreames;
The cruell Tyrant that did kill those Flow'rs
Shall once, *ay me*, not spare that Spring of yours.

In

SON.

IN Minds pure Glaſſe when I my ſelfe behold,
And lively ſee how my beſt daies are ſpent,
What clouds of care above my head are rold,
What comming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My courſe begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what *Reaſon* oft hath told,
But ſcarce thus thinke I, when Love hath controld
All the beſt reaſons *Reaſon* could invent.
Though ſure I know my labours end is griefe,
The more I ſtrive that I the more ſhall pine,
That only death ſhall be my laſt reliefe:
Yet when I thinke upon that face divine,
Like one with Arrow ſhot, in laughters place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my diſgrace.

SON.

DEare Quiriſter, who from thoſe ſhadows ſends
Ere that the bluſhing Morne dare ſhew her Light,
Such ſad lamenting ſtraines, that *Night* attends
(Become all Eare) *Stars* ſtay to heare thy plight.
If one whoſe griefe even reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne're [not in a Dreame] did taſte Delight,
May thee importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeems to joy in woe, in *Woes* deſpight.
Tell me (ſo may thou *Fortune* milder try,
And long long ſing) for what thou thus complaines,
Since *Winter's* gone, and *Sun* in dapled skie
Enamour'd ſmiles on Woods and flowry Plaines?
The Bird, as if my queſtions did her move,
With trembling wings ſigh'd forth *I love, I love.*

SON.

O Cruell Beauty, sweetnesse inhumane,
That night and day contends with my desire,
And seeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By Death, not Balme to ease my pleasant paine.
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aspire
And bound my blisse, do not *alas* disdaine
That I your matchlesse worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharpe sustaine.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his death
Found in the midst of those *Sicilian* flames,
And *Phaëton* that Heaven him reft of breath,
And *Dedals* Son who nam'd the *Samian* streames:
Their haps I not envy, my praise shall be
That the most faire that lives mov'd me to dye.

SON.

The *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaspus* (cruell) first thee bred,
The *Caspian* Tigers with their milke thee fed,
And *Fannes* did humane bloud on thee bestow.
Fierce *Orithyas* lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didst not drinke the Flouds which here do flow,
But teares, or those by ycie *Tanais* Head.
Sith thou disdaines my love, neglects my griefe,
Laughs at my groanes, and still affects my death:
Of thee, nor Heaven I'll seek no more relieſe,
Nor longer entertaine this loathsome breath;
But yeeld unto my *Stars*, that thou maiest prove,
What losse thou hadst in losing such a Love,

Plebus

SONG.

PHOEBUS *arise,*
And paint the sable Skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rowse Memmons *Mother from her* Tythons *bed,*
That she thy Careere may with Roses spread,
The Nightingales thy comming each where sing,
Make an eternall spring.
Give life to this darke World which lyeth dead.
Spread forth thy golden haire
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diadem of Pearle thy Temples faire:
Chase hence the ugly Night
Which serves but to make deare thy glorious Light.
This is that happy Morne,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so darke,
(If cruell Stars have not my ruine sworne,
And Fates *my hopes betray)*
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting Diamond *should it marke.*
This is the Morne should bring unto this Grove
My Love, to heare, and recompence my love.
Faire King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing Beams,
And thou two sweeter Eyes
Shall see then those which by Peneus *Streames*
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, Suns *which shine as cleare*
As thou when two thou did'st to Rome *appeare.*

Now

Now Flora *decke thy selfe in faireſt guiſe,*
If that ye Winds *would heare*
A voice ſurpaſſing far Amphions *lyre,*
Your furious chiding ſtay,
Let Zephire *only breathe,*
And with her Treſſes play,
Kiſſing ſometimes thoſe purple ports of Death,
The Winds *all ſilent are,*
And Phœbus *in his chaire*
Enſaffraning Sea and Aire,
Makes vaniſh every Star:
Night *like a drunkard reeles*
Beyond the Hills to ſhun his flaming Wheeles.
The Fields with flow'rs are deckt in every hue,
The Clouds with Orient Gold ſpangle their blew:
Here is the pleaſant place,
And nothing wanting is ſave She *alas.*

SON.

WHo hath not ſeen into her ſaffran Bed
The Mornings Goddeſs mildly her repoſe,
Or her of whoſe pure bloud firſt ſprang the Roſe
Lull'd in a ſlumber by a Mirtle ſhade?
Who hath not ſeen that ſleeping white and red
Makes *Phœbe* look ſo pale, which ſhe did cloſe
In that *Jonian* Hill, to eaſe her woes,
Which only lives by her deare kiſſes fed?
Come but and ſee my Lady ſweetly ſleep,
The ſighing Rubies of thoſe heavenly lips,
The *Cupids* which breſts golden Apples keep,
Thoſe Eyes which ſhine in midſt of their Eccliſpe:
And he them all ſhall ſee, perhaps and prove
She waking but perſwades, now forceth Love.

SON.

SEe *Citherea's* Birds, that milk-white paire
On yonder leavie *Mirtle* Tree which grone,
And waken with their kisses in the Aire
Th' enamour'd *Zephires* murmuring one by one;
If thou but sense hadst like *Pigmalions* Stone,
Or hadst not seen *Medusas* snaky haire,
Loves lessons thou mightst learn: and learn sweet faire,
To *Summers* heat ere that thy *Spring* be growne.
And if those kissing lovers seeme but Cold,
Look how that *Elme* this *Ivy* doth embrace,
And binds and claspes with many a wanton fold,
And courting Sleep, o'reshadows all the place;
Nay, seems to say, deare Tree we shall not part,
In sign whereof loe in each leafe *a Heart*.

SON.

THe *Sun* is faire when he with crimson Crown,
And flaming Rubies leaves his Easterne bed,
Faire is *Thaumantias* in her Christall gown
When clouds engemm'd shew azure, green, and red.
To Westerne Worlds when wearied Day goes down,
And from heavens windows each *Star* shows her head,
Earths silent daughter, *Nights*, is faire though brown,
Faire is the *Moon* though in *Loves* livery cled.
The *Spring* is faire when it doth paint Aprill,
Faire are the *Meads*, the *Woods*, the *Floods* are faire,
Faire looketh *Ceres* with her yellow haire,
And *Apples*-Queene when *Rose*-cheekt she doth smile.
That Heaven and Earth, and Seas are faire is true,
Yet true that all not please so much as you.

Like

MADRIGALL.

Like the Idalian *Queene*
Her haire about her Eyne,
And necke, on brests ripe Apples to be seen,
At first glance of the Morne
In Cyprus *Gardens gathering those farie flowers*
Which of her blood were borne,
I saw, but fainting saw my Paramours.
The Graces *naked danc'd about the place,*
The Winds *and* Trees *amaz'd*
With silence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did smile like those upon her face,
And as their Aspin stalkes those fingers bind,
That she might read my case
I wish'd to be a Hyacinth *in her hand.*

SON.

THen is she gone? O foole and coward I!
O good occasion lost, ne're to be found!
What fatall chaines have my dull senses bound,
When best they might, that did not *Fortune* try?
Here is the fainting Grasse where *she* did lie,
With Roses here she stellified the Ground,
She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling Pond,
Nor time, nor place seem'd ought for to deny.
Too long, too long *Respect* I do embrace,
Your Counsell full of threats and sharpe disdaine.
Disdaine in her sweet Heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire againe?
Henceforth Respect farewell, I've heard it told
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

What

SON.

WHat cruell *Star* into this World me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?
What unkind hand to nurſe me (Orphane) ſought,
And would not leave me in eternall night?
What thing ſo deare as I hath eſſence bought?
The Elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The ſmalleſt living things which *Nature* wrought
Be freed of woe if they have ſmall delight.
Ah only I abandon'd to *Deſpaire*,
Nail'd to my torments in pale *Horrours* ſhade,
Like wandring Clouds ſee all my comforts fled,
And Ill on Ill with Houres my life impaire:
The Heavens and *Fortune* which were wont to turn,
Stay in one Manſion fixt to cauſe me mourn.

SON.

DEare Eye which daign'ſt on this ſad *Monument*,
The *fable Scroule* of my miſhaps to view,
Though it with mourning *Muſes* teares be ſpent,
And darkely drawn, which is not fain'd, but true;
If thou not dazell'd with a Heavenly Hue,
And comely Feature, didſt not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thy ſelfe content,
O let not *Love* thee to his Laws ſubdue.
Look on the wofull ſhip-wrack of my Youth,
And let my ruines thee for Beacon ſerve,
To ſhun this Rock *Capharean* of untruth,
And ſerve no God which doth his Church-men ſterve:
His Kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon teares,
What he gives more is Jealouſies and Feares.

To

MAD.

TO the delightfull Greene
Of you, faire radiant Eine,
Let each black yeeld beneath the starry Arch.
Eyes burnisht Heavens of *Love*,
Sinople Lamps of *Jove*,
Save all those hearts which with your flames you parch
Two burning Suns you prove;
All other Eyes compar'd with you deare lights
Are Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish Nights.
The Heavens [if we their Glasse
The Sea beleeve] are green not perfect blew,
They all make faire what ever faire yet was,
And they are faire because they look like you.

SON.

NYmphs, Sister *Nymphs* which haunt this christall Brook,
And happy in these floting Bowers abide,
Where trembling Roofes of Trees from Sun you hide,
Which make *Idean* woods in every Crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy Book,
Or count your Loves when *Thetis* was a Bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine Eyes my agonizing Cares,
And what ye read, recount to her againe:
Faire Nymphs say all these streames are but my Teares,
And if she aske you how they sweet remaine,
Tell that the bitt'rest teares which Eyes can poure,
When shed for her can be no longer sowre.

SON.

SHe whose faire flowers no *Autumne* makes decay,
Whose Hue Cœlestiall, earthly hues doth staine,
Into a pleasant odoriferous Plaine
Did walke alone to brave the pride of *May*.
And whilst through flowry Lists she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her sight to entertaine,
Love, unawares where *Love* did hid remaine
She spied, and fought to make of him her prey:
For which of golden locks a faireſt haire
To bind the Boy she took, but he affraid
At her approach sprang swiftly in the Aire,
And mounting far from reach, lookt back and said,
Why shouldst thou [sweet] me seek in chaines to bind,
Sith in thy eyes I dayly am confind?

MAD.

SWeet Rose whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excell?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this forme and gracing grace in you?
In faire *Paestanas* fields perhaps you grew,
Or *Hyblas* Hills you bred,
Or odoriferous *Ennas* Plaines you fed,
Or *Tmolus*, or where Bore yong *Adon* slew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you died of new
In that deare Bloud, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but Cause more high you blist,
My Ladies Breſt you bore, her Lips you Kist,

MADRIGALL.

ON this cold World of ours,
Flow'r of the Seasons, Season of the Flow'rs,
Sun of the Sun, sweet Spring,
Such hot and burning daies why dost thou bring?
Is it because those high Eternall Pow'rs
Flash down that Fire this World environing?
Or that now Phœbus *keeps his Sisters sphears?*
Or doth some Phaëton
Enflame the Sea *and Aire?*
Or rather is't not usher of the Yeare,
Or that last day among the Flow'rs alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my Faire?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burne,
And to thy Brother Summer *doth thee turne.*

SON.

DEare Wood, and you sweet solitary Place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what *Thetis* doth embrace:
What snaky Eye grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent Horrours would me drive?
When Sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the *Twins*, doth neare our Pole arrive.
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding Worldlings hoarle discords,
Sweet flowry place I first did learne of thee.
Ah if I were mine owne, your deare resorts
I would not change with *Princes statelieſt Courts.*

Ah

SON.

AH who can ſee thoſe fruits of *Paradiſe*,
Cœleſtiall Cherries which ſo ſweetly ſwell,
That *Sweetneſſe* ſelfe confind there ſeemes to dwell,
And all thoſe ſweeteſt Parts about deſpiſe?
Ah who can ſee and feele no Flame ſurpriſe
His hardened heart? For me *alas* too well
I know their Force, and how they do excell,
Now through deſire I burne, and now I freeze,
I dye (deare Life) unleſſe to me be given
As many kiſſes as the *Spring* hath Flow'rs,
Or there be ſilver drops in *Iris* Show'rs,
Or ſtars there be in all-embracing Heaven;
And if diſpleas'd ye of the Match complaine,
Ye ſhall have leave to take them back againe.

SON.

IS't not enough (ay me) me thus to ſee
Like ſome Heaven-baniſh'd Ghoſt ſtill wailing go,
A *Shadow* which your Raies do only ſhow;
To vexe me more, unleſſe ye bid me die;
What could ye worſe allot unto your Foe?
But die will I, ſo ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortall Foes even try,
To chuſe what ſort of Death ſhall end my woe.
Once did I find that whiles you did me kiſſe,
Ye gave my panting ſoule ſo ſweet a touch,
That halfe I ſownd in midſt of all my Bl iſſe,
I do but crave my Deaths-wound may be ſuch:
For though by Griefe I die not and annoy,
Is't not enough to die through too much joy?

MAD.

VNhappy Light
Do not approach to bring the wofull Day,
When I must bid for aye
Farewell to her, and live in endlesse plight.
Faire Moon *with gentle Beames*
The sight who never mars,
Cleare long-Heavens sable Vault, and you bright Stars
Your golden Locks long view in Earths pure streames;
Let Phœbus *never rise*
To dim your watchfull Eyes.
Prolong (alas) prolong my short delight,
And if ye can make an Eternall Night,

SON.

VVIth griefe in Heart, and tears in swelling Eyes,
When I to her had given a sad Fare-well,
Close sealed with a Kisse, and Dew which fell
On my else-moistned Face from *Beauties* Skies;
So strange Amazement did my Mind surprise,
That at each Pace I fainting turn'd againe,
Like one whom a *Torpedo* stupifies,
Not feeling *Honours* Bit, nor *Reasons* Raine:
But when fierce Stars to part me did constraine,
With back-cast Looks, I both envi'd and bless'd
The happy Walls and Place did her containe,
Untill my eyes that flying Object miss'd;
So Wailing parted *Ganymede* the faire,
When Eagles Talents bore him through the Aire.

Sith

SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my Delight and only Pleasure,
The last of all my Hopes, the chearefull Sun
That clear'd my lifes dark Spheare, Natures sweet Trea-
More deare to me than all beneath the Moon, (sure,
What resteth now but that upon this Mountaine
I weep, till Heaven transforme me to a Fountaine?

Fresh, faire, delicious, christall, pearly Fountaine,
On whose smooth face to look, (he oft took Pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streames long cheare this Mountaine,
So Serpent ne're thee staine, nor scorch thee Sun,
So may with watry beames thee kisse the Moone)
Dost thou not mourne to want so faire a Treasure?

While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus Treasure,
Thou needst not envy, nor yet the Fountaine,
In which that Hunter saw the naked Moon,
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy Wealth and Pleasure,
And I remaine like Marigold *of Sun*
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some Mountaine.

Nymphs of the Forrest, Nymphs who on this Moun-
Are wont to dance, shewing your Beauties Treasure (taine
To Goat-feet Sylvans, and the wondring Sun,
When as you gather flow'rs about this Fountaine,
Bid her farewell who placed here her Pleasure,
And sing her praises to the Stars and Moone.

Among the lesser lights as is the Moon,
Blushing through muffl ng clouds on Latmos Mountaine,
Or when she views her silver Locks for Pleasure
In Thetis *streames, proud of so gay a Treasure,*
Such was my Faire when She sate by this Fountaine
With other Nymphs to shun the amorous Sun.

As is our Earth in absence of the Sun,
Or when of Sun *deprived is the* Moon,
As is without a verdant shade a Fountaine,
Or wanting grasse, a Mead, a Vale, a Mountaine;
Such is my state, bereft of my deare Treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my Pleasure.

Ne're thinke of Pleasure *Heart, Eyes shun the* Sun,
Teares be your Treasure, *which the wandring* Moon
Shall see you shed by Mountaine, *Vaile, and* Fountaine.

SON.

WIndow sometime which served for a Sphearo
To that deare Planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious Queen of Night,
While *She* in thee more beautious did appeare,
What mourning weeds (*alas*) dost thou now weare?
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight?
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheare,
Since sets that Sun which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy now thee close, for as of late
To wondring Eyes thou wert a Paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulfe thou art whence clouds of sighs arise:
But unto none so noysome as to me,
Who hourely sees my murthered joyes in thee.

How

SON.

HOw many times *Nights silent Queen* her face
Hath hid, how oft with Stars in silver Maske,
In Heavens great Hall, she hath begun her Taske,
And chear'd the waking Eye in lower Place?
How oft the *Sun* hath made by Heavens swift race
The happy Lover to forsake the Brest
Of his deare Lady, wishing in the West
His Golden Coach to run had larger space?
I ever count and tell since I alas
Did bid Farewell to my Hearts deerest Guest,
The Miles I number, and in mind I chase,
The flouds and Mountaines hold me from my rest.
But woe is me, long count and count may I,
Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

SON.

OF Death some tell, some of the cruell Paine
Which that bad Crafts-man in his Work did trie,
When [a new Monster] flames once did constraine
A humane Corps to yeeld a bellowing Cry.
Some tell of those in burning Beds who lie,
Because they durst in the *Phlegrean* Plaine
The mighty Ruler of the Skies defie,
And siege those chrystall Tow'rs which all containe,
An other counts of *Phlegethons* hot floods,
The Soules which drinke *Ixions* endlesse smart,
And his who feeds a Vulture with his heart,
One tells of Spectars in enchanted Woods:
Of all those Paines th' extreamest who would prove,
Let him be absent and but burne in Love.

SON.

HAire, precious haire, which *Midas* hand did ſtrain,
Part of the Wreath of gold that crowns thoſe
Which *Winters* whiteſt white in whitenes ſtain, (brows
And lilly by *Eridans* banke that grows.
Haire [fatall preſent] which firſt caus'd my woes,
When looſe ye hang like *Danaes* golden raine,
Sweet Nets which ſweetly do all hearts enchaine,
Strings, deadly ſtrings, with which *Love* bends his bows.
How are ye hither come, tell me O haire?
Deare Armelet, for what thus were ye given?
I know, a badge of bondage I you weare,
Yet haire for you O that I were a *Heaven*!
Like *Berenices Locks*, that ye might ſhine,
(But brighter far) about this Arme of mine.

SON.

ARe theſe the flowry banks? Is this the *Mead*
Where *ſhe* was wont to paſſe the pleaſant houres?
Was't here her Eyes exhal'd mine eyes ſalt ſhow'rs,
And on her lap did lay my wearied Head?
Is this the goodly *Elme* did us o'reſpread,
Whoſe tender Rine, cut forth in curious flow'rs
By that white hand, containes thoſe flames of Ours?
Is this the murmuring *Spring* us muſick made?
Deflouriſht *Mead*, where is your heavenly hue?
And Banke, that *Arras* did you late adorne?
How look'ſt thou *Elme* all withered and forlorne?
Only ſweet *Spring* nought altered ſeems in you.
But while here chang'd each other thing appears,
To ſalt your ſtreames take of mine Eyes theſe tears.

Alexis

SON.

ALexis here *she* stay'd, among these Pines.
Sweet Hermitresse she did all alone repaire;
Here did *she* spread the Treasure of her Haire,
More rich than that brought from the *Colchian* Mines.
Here sate *she* by these musket Eglantines,
The happy flow'rs seeme yet the print to beare,
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugred lines,
To which Winds, Trees, Beasts, Birds, did lend an Eare.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a Morne
Of bright *Carnations* did o'respread her Face;
Here did *she* sigh, here first my Hopes were borne,
Here first I got a Pledge of promis'd Grace:
But *ah* what serves't t'have been made happy so?
Sith passed Pleasures double but new woe.

SON.

PLace me where angry *Titan* burnes the *More*,
And thirsty *Africk* fiery Monsters brings,
Or where the new-borne *Phœnix* spreads her Wings,
And troupes of wondring Birds her flight adore.
Place me by *Gange* or *Indes* enammell'd shore,
Where smiling Heavens on Earth cause double Springs;
Place me where *Neptunes* Quire of *Syrens* sings,
Or where made hoarse through Cold he leaves to roare:
Place me where *Fortune* doth her Darlings crown,
A *Wonder* or a *sparke* in *Envies* Eye,
Or you outragious *Fates* upon me frown,
Till *Patty* wailing see disastred *Me*;
Affections print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget my Selfe; but not my Love.

The

MADRIGALL.

THe Ivory, Corrall, Gold,
Of breſt, of lip, of haire,
So lively Sleep *doth ſhew to inward ſight,*
That wake I thinke I hold
No Shadow, but my Faire:
My ſelfe ſo to deceive
With long-ſhut Eyes I ſhun the irkeſome Light.
Such pleaſure here I have
Delighting in falſe gleames,
If Death Sleeps *Brother be,*
And Soules bereft of ſenſe have ſo ſweet Dreames,
How could I wiſh thus ſtill to dreame and dye.

SON.

FAme, who with golden wings abroad doth range
Where *Phœbus* leaves the Night or brings the Day,
Fame, in one place who reſtleſſe doſt not ſtay
Till thou haſt flown from *Atlas* unto *Gange*;
Fame, Enemy to *Time,* that ſtill doth change,
And in his changing Courſe would make decay
What here below he ſipdeth in his way,
Even making *Vertue* to her ſelfe look ſtrange:
Daughter of Heaven; Now all thy Trumpets ſound,
Raiſe up thy Head unto the higheſt Skie,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found,
And when *ſhe* from this mortall Globe ſhall flie,
In thy wide Mouth keep long, keep long her Name;
So thou by her, *ſhe* by thee live ſhall *Fame.*

POEMS.

The Second Part.

OF mortall Glory O soone dark'ned Ray!
O winged Joyes of Man, more swift than Wind!
O fond Desires which in our Fancies stray!
O traitrous Hopes which do our Judgements blind!
Loe, in a Flash that Light is gone away,
Which dazell did each Eye, delight each Mind,
And with that *Sun*, from whence it came, combind,
Now makes more radiant Heavens eternall Day.
Let *Beauty* now bedew her Cheeks with Teares,
Let widow'd Musick only roare and groane,
Poore *Vertue* get thee Wings and mount the *Spheares*,
For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy Temple raz'd, *Loves* Empire foil'd,
The World of Honour, Worth, and Sweetnes spoil'd.

Those

SON.

THose Eyes, those sparkling Saphires of Delight,
Which thousand thousand Hearts did set on Fire,
Of which that Eye of Heaven which brings the light
Oft Jealous, stayed amaz'd them to admire.
That living Snow, those crimion Roses bright,
Those Pearles, those Rubies which enflam'd Desire,
Those Locks of Gold, that Purple faire of *Tyre*,
Are wrapt [aye me!] up in eternall Night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of wretched World,
Sith *she* who caused all thy blisse is gone?
Thy ever-burning Lamps, Rounds ever-whorld
Can not unto thee modell such a One:
Or if they would such Beauty bring on Earth,
They should be forc'd againe to give her birth.

SON.

O *Fate*, conjur'd to poure your worst on me!
O rigorous Rigour which doth all confound!
With cruell Hands ye have cut down the Tree,
And fruit with leaves have scattered on the Ground.
A little space of Earth my Love doth bound,
That Beauty which did raise it to the Skie,
Turn'd in disdained Dust, now low doth lye,
Deafe to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? *ah!* did I love?
And was't for this (fierce powers) she did excell,
That ere she well the Sweets of life did prove,
She should (too deare a guest) with *Darknesse* dwell?
Weake influence of Heaven! what faire is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a Thought.

SON.

O Wofull life! life, no, but living Death,
Fraile Boat of Chriſtall in a rocky Sea,
A Gem expos'd to *Fortunes* ſtormy breath,
Which kept with paine with Terrour doth decay:
The falſe Delights, true Woes thou doſt bequeath
My all-appalled Mind ſo do affray,
That I thoſe envy who are laid in Earth,
And pity thoſe who run thy dreadfull way.
When did mine Eyes behold one chearefull Morne?
When had my toſſed Soule one night of Reſt?
When did not angry Stars my Deſignes ſcorne?
O! now I find what is for Mortalls beſt:
Even, ſince our voyage ſhamefull is, and ſhort,
Soone to ſtrike Saile, and periſh in the Port.

SON.

Diſſolve my Eyes your Globes in briny Streames,
And with a cloud of Sorrow dim your ſight,
The Suns bright *Sun* is ſet, of late whoſe Beames
Gave luſtre to your Day, Day to your Night.
My Voice now cleave the Earth with Anathemes,
Roare forth a challenge in the Worlds deſpight,
Till that diſguiſed Griefe is her delight,
That Life a Slumber is of fearefull Dreames;
And woefull Mind abhor to thinke of Joy,
My Senſes all from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black Annoy,
Teares, Plaints, Sighs, mourning Weeds, Graves gaping wide:
I have nought left to wiſh; My Hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a Marble laid.

Sweet

SON.

SWeet Soule, which in the Aprill of thy yeares,
For to enrich the Heaven mad'ſt poore this Round,
And now with flaming Rayes of Glory crown'd
Moſt bleſt abides above the Spheare of Spheares;
If Heavenly Laws *alas* have not thee bound
From looking to this Globe that all up-beares,
If ruth and pity there-above be found,
O daigne to lend a look unto theſe Teares.
Do not diſdaine (deare Ghoſt) this ſacrifice,
And though I raiſe not pillars to thy Praiſe,
My off'rings take, let this for me ſuffice,
My Heart a *living Pyramide* I'll raiſe:
And whilſt Kings Tombs with Laurells flouriſh green,
Thine ſhall with Mirtles and theſe flow'rs be ſeen.

SON.

SWeet *Spring*, thou turn'ſt with all thy goodly traine,
Thy head with flames, thy Mantle bright with flow'rs,
The *Zephires* curle the green Locks of the Plaine,
The Clouds for joy in Pearls weep down their ſhow'rs.
Doſt returne ſweet Youth? but *ah* my pleaſant houres,
And happy daies with thee come not againe,
The ſad Memorials only of my paine
Do with thee turne, which turne my Sweets to Sow'rs.
Thou art the ſame which ſtill thou wert before,
Delicious, luſty, amiable, faire,
But *ſhe* whoſe Breath embaulm'd thy wholeſome Aire
Is gone; Nor Gold, nor Gems can her reſtore.
Neglected *Vertue*, Seaſons go and come,
When thine forgot lie cloſed in a Tombe.

What

SON.

WHat doth it ſerve to ſee the *Suns* bright Face?
And *Skies* enamell'd with the *Indian* Gold?
Or the Moone in a fierce Chariot rold,
And all the Glory of that ſtarry Place?
What doth it ſerve Earths Beauty to behold?
The Mountaines pride, the Meadows flowry grace,
The ſtately comlineſſe of Forreſts old,
The *S*port of Floods which would themſelves embrace?
What doth it ſerve to heare the *Sylvan S*ongs,
The cheerefull Thruſh, the Nightingales ſad ſtraines,
Which in darke ſhades ſeems to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth ſerve all that this World containes?
*S*ince *ſhe*, for whom thoſe once to me were deare,
Can have no part of them now with me here.

MAD.

THis Life, which ſeems ſo faire,
Is like a Bubble blown up in the Aire,
By ſporting childrens Breath,
Who chaſe it every where,
And ſtrive who can moſt motion it bequeath.
And though it ſometime ſeem of its own might
Like to an Eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firme to hover in that empty height,
That only is *becauſe it is ſo Light*.
But in that Pompe it doth not long appeare;
For when 'tis moſt admired, in a thought,
Becauſe it earſt was nought, it turnes to nought.

My

SON.

MY Lute, be as thou wert when thou did grow
With thy green Mother in some shady Grove,
When immelodious *Winds* but made thee move,
And *Birds* their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that deare voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious Straines to flow,
Is reft from Earth *to tune those Spheares above*,
What art thou but a Harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing Notes be pleasing Notes no more,
But Orphans wailings to the fainting Eare,
Each Stroke a sigh, each Sound draws forth a Teare,
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,
Like widow'd Turtle still her losse complaine.

SON.

AH *Handkercher*, sad present of my Deare,
Gift miserable, which doth now remaine
The only Guerdon of my helplesse Paine,
When I thee got thou shewst my state too cleare.
I never since have ceased to complaine,
I since the Badge of *Griefe* did ever weare,
Joy in my Face durst never since appeare,
Care was the Food which did me entertaine.
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this Tribute pay thee for mine Eine,
And that I (this short Time I am to live)
Laundre thy silken Figures in this Brine:
No, I must yet even beg of thee the Grace,
That in my Grave thou daigne to shroud my Face.

Trees

MAD.

TRees happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your Heads so high,
And over-look those Plaines:
Grow till your Branches kisse that lofty Skie
Which her (sweet selfe) containes.
There make her know mine endlesse Love, and Paines,
And how these Teares which from mine Eyes do fall,
Helpt you to rise so Tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd Breath,
So for her sake I now court lingring Death.

SONG.

SAd Damon *being come,*
To that for-ever Lamentable Tombe,
Which those eternall Powers that all controule,
Unto his living Soule
A melancholy prison had prescrib'd:
Of Colour, Heat, and motion depriv'd,
In Armes weake, Fainting, Cold,
A Marble, be the Marble did infold:
And having warme it made with many a showre
Which dimmed Eyes did powre,
When Griefe had given him leave, and sighs them staied,
Thus with a sad alas *at last he said.*
Who would have thought to me
The place where thou did'st lie could grievous be?
And that (deare body) long thee having sought,
(O me!) who would have thought
Thee once to find it should my Soule confound,
And give my Heart then death a deeper wound?
Thou did'st disdaine my Teares,
But grieve not that this ruthfull Stone them beares,

Mine Eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that course them keep,
Although thou never wouldst them comfort show,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.
Ah wretch too late I find
How Vertues *glorious Titles prove but wind;*
For if that Vertue could release from Death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst Breath:
For if she ere appear'd to mortall Eine,
It was in thy faire shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?
Why do outragious Fates *which dimm'd thy sight,*
Let me see hatefull light?
They without me made Death thee surprist,
Tyrants (no doubt) *that they might kill me twice.*
O Griefe! And could one 'Day
Have force such excellence to take away?
Could a swift-flying Moment ah deface,
Those matchlesse gifts, that Grace,
Which Art, *and* Nature *had in thee combin'd*
To make thy Body paragon thy Mind?
Hath all past'd like a clond,
And doth eternall silence now them shrond?
Is that, so much admir'd, now nought but Dust,
Of which a Stone hath Trust?
O change! O cruell change thou to our sight
Show'st the Fates *Rigour equall to their Might!*
When thou from earth dust passe
(Sweet Nymph) Perfections Mirrour broken was,
And thus of late so glorious World of ours,
Like Medows without Flowers,
Or Ring of a rich Gem which blind appear'd,
Or Starlesse night, or Cynthia *nothing clear'd.*
Love *when he saw thee dye*
Entomb'd him in the lid of either Eye,

And

And left his Torch within thy sacred Urne
There for a Lampe to burne:
Worth, Honour, Pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
Death since grown sweet begins to be desir'd.
Whilst thou to us wert given,
The Earth her Venus *had as well as Heaven:*
Nay, and her Suns *which burnt as many Hearts,*
As he the easterne parts;
Bright Suns which forc'd to leave these Hemispheares,
Benighted set into a Sea of Teares.
Ah Death, who shall thee flie,
Since the most mighty are o'rethrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the Crow, and Nightingall dost kill,
And triumphst at thy will:
But give thou canst not such another Blow,
Because Earth cannot such another show.
O bitter sweets of Love!
How better is't at all you not to prove,
Nor when we do your pleasures must possesse,
To find them thus made lesse?
O! That the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy!
What doth this life bestow,
But Flow'rs on Thornes which grow?
Which though they sometime blandish soft delight,
Yet afterwards us smite:
And if the rising Sun them faire doth see,
That Planet setting, doth behold them die.
This world is made a Hell,
Depriv'd of all that in it did excell.
O Pan, Pan, *Winter is fallen in May,*
Turn'd is to night our Day.
Forsake thy Pipe, a Scepter take to thee,
Thy locks disgarland, thou black Jove *shalt be.*
The Flocks do leave the Meads,
And, loathing three leav'd Grasse, hold up their Heads,

The Streames not glide now with a gentle Rore,
Nor Birds sing as before,
Hills stands with clouds like Mourners vail'd in black,
And Owles upon our Roofes foretell our wrack,
That Zephire *every yeare*
So soone was heard to sigh in Forrests here,
It was for her that wrapt in Gowns of Greene,
Meads were so earely seen;
That in the saddest Months oft sang the Mearles,
It was for Her: for her Trees dropt forth pearles.
That proud, and stately Courts
Did envy these our Shades and calme Resorts,
It was for Her: and she is gone, O woe!
Woods ent againe do grow,
Bud doth the Rose, and Dazy, winter done,
But we once dead do no more see the Sun.
Whose Name shall now make ring
The Ecchoes *? of whom shall the Nymphets sing?*
Whose heavenly voice, whose Soule-invading Straines,
Shall fill with Joy the plaines?
What Haire, what Eyes, can make the Morne *in East,*
Weep that a fairer riseth in the West?
Faire Sun post still away,
No Musicke here is left thy Course to stay.
Sweet Hybla *Swarmes, with Wormewood fill your Bow'rs.*
Gone is the flower of Flow'rs:
Blush no more Rose, nor Lilly pale remaine.
Dead is that Beauty which yours late did staine.
Aye me to waile my Plight
Why have not I as many Eyes as Night?
Or as that Shepheards which Joves *love did keep,*
That I still, still may weepe?
But though I had, my Teares unto my crosse
Were not yet equall, nor griefe to my losse.
Yet of you briny Showers,
Which I here poure, may spring as many flow'rs,

As

As come of thoſe which fell from Helens *Eyes;*
And when ye do ariſe,
May every Leaſe in ſable letters beare
The Doleſull Cauſe for which ye ſpring up here.

MAD.

THe Beauty and the Life
Of *Lifes*, and *Beauties* faireſt Paragon,
(O Teares! O Griefe!) hung at a feeble Thread,
To which pale *Atropos* had ſet her Knife.
The Soule with many a groane
Had left each outward Part,
And now did take his laſt Leave of the Heart;
Nought elſe did want *ſave Death* for to be dead:
When the ſad company about her Bed
Seeing Death invade her lips, her cheekes, her eyes,
Cried *ah!* and can *Death enter Paradiſe?*

SON.

O! It is not to me bright Lampe of Day,
That in the Eaſt thou ſhow'ſt thy golden Face,
O! it is not to me thou leav'ſt that ſea,
And in thoſe azure Liſts began'ſt thy Race.
Thou ſhineſt not to the Dead in any Place,
And I dead from this World am paſt away,
Or if I ſeem (a Shadow) yet to ſtay,
It is a while but to bewaile my Caſe.
My Mirth is loſt, my Comforts are diſmaid,
And unto ſad Miſhaps their Place do yeeld;
My Knowledge repreſents a bloudy Field,
Where I my Hopes and helps ſee proſtrate laid.
So plainſull is Lifes Courſe which I have run,
That I do wiſh it never had begun.

MADRIGALL.

DEare Night, the eafe of Care,
Untroubled Seat of Peace,
Times eldeſt Child, which oft the blind do ſee,
On this our Hemiſpheare
What makes thee now ſo ſadly darke to be?
Com'ſt thou in funerall Pomp Her Grave to grace?
Or do thoſe Stars which ſhould thy horrour cleare,
In *Joves* high Hall adviſe,
In what Part of the skies,
With them, or *Cynthia* ſhe ſhall appeare?
Or (ah alas) becauſe thoſe matchleſſe eyes,
Which ſhone ſo faire, below thou doſt not find,
Striv'ſt thou to make all others Eyes look blind?

SON.

SInce it hath pleas'd that Firſt and ſupreme *Faire*
To take that Beauty to himſelfe againe,
Which in *this world of Senſe* not to remaine,
But to amaze was ſent, and home repaire;
The Love which to that Beauty I did beare.
Made Pure of mortall ſpots which did it ſtaine,
And endleſſe, which even *Death* cannot impaire,
I place on him who will it not diſdaine.
No ſhining Eyes, no Locks of curling gold,
No bluſhing Roſes on a virgin Face,
No outward ſhow, no, nor no inward Grace,
Shall power have my thoughts henceforth to hold:
Love here on Earth huge ſtormes of care doth toſſe,
But plac'd above exempted is from loſſe.

It

SONG.

IT Autumne *was, and on our Hemisphеare*
Faire Ericine *began bright to appeare,*
Night *West-ward did her gemmy World decline,*
And hide her Lights, that greater Light might shine:
The crested Bird hath given Alarum twice
To lazy Mortals to unlock their Eyes,
The Owle had left to plaine, and from each Throne
The wing'd Musicians did salute the Morne,
Who (while she dress'd her Locks in Ganges *streames)*
Set open wide the chrystall Port of Dreames:
When I, whose Eyes no drousie Night could close,
In Sleeps *soft armes did quietly repose,*
And, for that Heavens to die did me deny,
Deaths *Image kissed, and as dead did lie.*
I lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my Cares,
And slaked scarce my Sighs, scarce dried my Teares,
Sleep *scarce the ugly Figures of the Day*
Had with his sable Pencill put away,
And left me in a still and calmy Mood,
When by my Bed (me thought) a Virgin stood,
A Virgin in the blooming of her Prime,
If such rare Beauty measur'd be by Time.
Her Head a Garland wore of Opalls bright,
About her flow'd a Gown like purest Light.
Pure Amber Locks gave Umbrage to her Face,
Where Modesty high Majesty did grace,
Her Eyes such Beames sent forth, that but with paine
Her weaker Sights their sparklings could sustaine.
No feigned Deity which haunts the Woods
Is like to Her, nor Syrene *of the Floods:*
Such is the Golden Planet of the Yeare,
When bl shing in the East he doth appeare.

Her Grace did beauty, Voice yet Grace did passe,
Which thus through Pearles and Rubies broken was.
How long wilt thou (said she) estrang'd from Joy,
Paint Shadows to thy selfe of false Annoy?
How long thy Mind with horrid Shapes affright,
And in imaginary Evills delight?
Esteeme that Losse which (well when view'd) is Gaine,
Or if a Losse, yet not a Losse too plaine?
O leave thy plaintfull Soule more to molest,
And thinke that woe when shortest then is best.
If She for whom thou thus dost deafe the Skie
Be dead? What then? Was she not borne to die?
Was She not mortall borne? If thou dost grieve
That Times should be in which She should not live,
Ere e're she was, weep that Daies wheele was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the Age of Gold.
For that she was not then thou maiest deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst Cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron Lawes.
But look how many Millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this Dance,
With those which are to come: shall Heavens them stay,
And th' Universe dissolve thee to obey?
As Birth, Death, which so much thee doth apall,
A Peece is of the Life of this great All.
Strong Cities die, die do high palmy Raigues,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complaines.
If she be dead, then she of loathsome Daies
Hath past the Line, whose Length but Losse bewraies,
Then she hath left this filthy Stage of Care,
Where Pleasure seldome, Woe doth still repaire.
For all the Pleasures which it doth containe
Not countervaile the smallest Minutes paine.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little Vapour, this poore Sparke of Fire,

Which

Which Life *is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath*
But some few yeares which Birth draws out to Death?
Which if thou paralell with Lustres run,
Or those whose courses are but now begun,
In dates great Numbers they shall lesse appeare,
Than with the Sea when matched is a Teare.
But why should'st thou here longer wish to be?
One Yeare doth serve all Natures *Pompe to see,*
Nay, even one Day, and Night: this Moone, that Sun,
Those lesser Fires about this Round which Run,
Be but the same which under Saturnes *Raigne.*
Did the serpenting Seasons interchaine.
How oft doth Life grow lesse by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For Age *which all abhor (yet would embrace)*
Doth make the Mind as wrinckled as the Face.
Then leave Laments, and thinke thou did'st not live
Laws to that first eternall Cause to give,
But to obey those Laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot erre, whatever foggy Mists
Do blind men in these sublunary Lists.
But what if she for whom thou spend'st those Groanes,
And wastes thy Lifes deare Torch in ruthfull Moanes,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyfull Light,
Courts solitary Shades and irkesome Night,
Doth live? ah! (if thou canst) through Teares, a space,
Lift thy dimm'd Lights, and look upon this Face,
Look if those Eyes which (foole) thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Looke if those Roses Death *could ought impaire*
Those Roses which thou once saidst were so faire:
And if these Locks have lost ought of that Gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.
I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be, still I on be like me made.

Alas

Alas *while we are wrapt in Gowns of Earth,*
And blind here ſuck the Aire of Woe beneath,
Each thing in Senſes Ballances we weigh,
And but with toyle, and Paine the truth deſcry.
Above this vaſt and admirable Frame,
This Temple viſible, which World we name,
Within whoſe Walls ſo many Lamps do burne,
So many Arches with croſſe motions turne,
Where the Elementall Brothers nurſe their ſtrife,
And by inteſtine Wars maintain their Life:
There is a World, a World of perfect Bliſſe,
Pure, immaterial, as brighter far from this,
As that high Circle which the reſt enſpheares
Is from this dull, ignoble Vale of Teares.
A World where all is ſound, that here is found,
But further diſcrepant than Heaven and Ground:
It hath an Earth, as hath this World of yours,
With Creatures peopled, and adorn'd with Flowr's;
It hath a Sea, like Saphire Girdle caſt
Which decks of the harmonious Shores the Waſte;
It hath pure Fire, it hath delicious Aire,
Moone, Sun, and Stars, Heavens wonderfully faire:
Flow'rs never there do fade, Trees grow not old,
No Creature dieth there through heat or cold;
Sea there not toſſed is, nor Aire made blacke,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others Wrack:
There Heavens be not conſtrain'd about to range,
For this World hath no need of any Change:
Minutes mount not to Houres, nor Houres to Daies,
Daies make no Months, but ever-blooming Maies.
Here I remaine, and hitherward do tend,
All who their Span of Daies in Vertue ſpend;
What ever Pleaſant this low Place containes,
Is but a Glance of what above remaines.
Thoſe who (perchance) there can nothing be
Beyond this wide Expanſion which they ſee,

And

And that nought elſe mounts Stars Circumference,
For that nought elſe is ſubject to their ſenſe,
Feele ſuch a Caſe, as one whom ſome Abiſme
In the deep Ocean *kept had all his Time:*
Who borne, and nouriſh'd there, cannot believe
That elſewhere ought without thoſe waves can live:
Cannot beleeve that there be Temples, Tow'rs,
Which go beyond his Caves and dampiſh Bow'rs:
Or there be other People, Manners, Laws,
Than what he finds within the churliſh Waves:
That ſweeter Flow'rs do ſpring than grow on Rocks,
Or Beaſts there are excell the ſcaly Flocks,
That other Elements are to be found,
Than is the Water and this Ball of Ground.
But thinke that man from this Abiſme being brought,
Did ſee what curious Nature *here hath wrought,*
Did view the Meads, the tall and ſhady Woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the cleare rowling floods;
And all the Beaſts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feathered Troupes that flie, and ſweetly ſing:
Obſerv'd the Palaces, and Cities faire,
Mens Faſhion of Life, the Fire, the Aire,
The brightneſſe of the Sun that dims his Sight,
The Moone, and ſplendors of the painted Night:
What ſudden rapture would his mind ſurprize?
How would he his late-deare Reſort deſpiſe?
How would he muſe how fooliſh he had been,
To thinke all nothing but what there was ſeen?
Why do we get this high and vaſt Deſire,
Unto immortall things ſtill to aſpire?
Why doth our Mind extend it beyond Time,
And to that higheſt happineſſe *even clime?*
For we are more than what to Senſe we ſeeme,
And more than Duſt us Worldlings do eſteeme?
We be not made for Earth though here we come,
More than the Embryon *for the Mothers Wombe:*

It

I weeps to be made free, and we complaine
To leave this loathsome Jaile of Care and Paine.
But thou who vulgar foot-steps dost not trace,
Learne to rowse up thy mind to view this place,
And what Earth-creeping Mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorne, yet not to neglect:
Seek not vaine shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better los'd than with such travell gain'd.
Thinke that on Earth what worldlings Greatnesse *call,*
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That Scepters, Diadems, and Chaires of State,
Not in themselves, but to small Minds are great:
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
And deepest Falls be from the highest Height:
That Fame *an Eccho is, and all Renown*
Like to a blasted Rose, ere Night falls down:
And though it something were, thinke how this Round
Is but a little Point, which doth it bound.
O leave that Love which reacheth but to Dust,
And in that Love Eternall *only trust,*
And Beauty, *which when once it is possest*
Can only fill the Soule and make it blest.
Pale Envy, jealous Emulations, Feares,
Sighs, Plaints, Remorse, here have no place nor Teares,
False Joyes, vaine Hopes, here be not, Hate nor Wrath,
What ends all Love here most augments it Death.
If such force had the dim Glance of an Eye,
Which but some few daies afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a Taper-fly there burne thy Wings?
And if a voice, of late which could but waile,
Such Power had as through Eares thy Soule to steale?
If once thou on that poorely Faire *couldst gaze,*
What Flames of Love would this within thee raise?
In what a musing Maze would it thee bring,
To heare but once that Quire celestiall sing?

The

The faireſt ſhapes on which thy Love did ſeaſe,
Which earſt didſt breed Delight, then would diſpleaſe;
But Diſcords hoarſe were Earths entiſing Sounds,
All Muſick but a Noiſe, which Senſe confounds.
This great and burning Glaſſe which cleares all Eyes,
And muſters with ſuch Glory in the Skies,
That ſilver Star which with her purer Light
Makes Day oft-Envy the eye pleaſing Night,
Thoſe golden letters which ſo brightly ſhine
In Heavens great Volume gorgeouſly divine;
All wonders in the Sea, the Earth, the Aire,
Be but darke Pictures of that Soveraigne Faire,
And Tongues, which ſtill thus cry into your Eare
(Could ye amidſt Worlds Cataracts *them heare)*
From fading things (fond Men) lift your Deſire,
And in our Beauty bus us made admire:
If we ſeeme faire? O thinke how faire is he,
Of whoſe great Faireneſſe, Shadows, Steps we be.
No Shadow can compare unto the Face,
No Step with that deare foot which did it trace,
Your Soules immortall are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the Miſt of Senſe:
Do not, O do not by falſe Pleaſures Might
Deprive them of that true and ſole Delight.
That Happineſſe ye ſeek is not below,
Earths ſweeteſt Joy is but diſguiſed Woe.
Here did ſhe pauſe, and with a mild Aſpect,
Did towards me thoſe lamping Twins direct.
The wonted Rates I knew, and thrice eſſay'd
To Anſwer make, thrice faultring Tongue it ſtay'd;
And while upon that Face I fed my Sight,
Me thought ſhe vaniſht up to Titans *Light;*
Who guilding with his Rayes each Hill, and Plain
Seem'd to have brought the Golden World again.

URANIA.

TRiumphing, Chariots, Statues, Crowns of Bayes,
Skie-threatning Arches, *the rewards of worth*,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious layes,
Which men divine unto the World set forth:
States which Ambitious Minds, in bloud, do raise,
From frozen *Tanais* unto sun-burnt *Gange*;
Gigantall Frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like Spiders webs are made the sport of Daies.
Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other Fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floting World beneath the *Moone*:
Wherefore my Mind above Time, Motion, Place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to *Nature* trace.

TOo long I followed have my fond Desire,
And too long painted on the Ocean streames,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joyes which to my Soule are Blames.
Ah when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of Lifes Delights the last extreames,
I found all but a Rose hedg'd with a Bryer,
A Nought, a Thought, a Maskarade of Dreames.
Henceforth on Thee, my *only Good*, I'll thinke,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy Naile my Pen shall be, thy Bloud mine Inke,
Thy Winding-sheet my Paper, Studie Grave:
And till my Soule forth of this body flie,
No Hope I'll have but only only thee.

To

TO ſpread the Azure Canopy of Heaven,
And ſpangle it all with Sparkes of burning Gold,
To place this pondrous Globe of Earth ſo even,
That it ſhould all and nought ſhould it uphold;
With motions ſtrange t' indue the Planets ſeven,
And *Jove* to make ſo mild, and *Mars* ſo bold,
To temper what is moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their Jars that ſweet Accords are given.
Lord to thy Wiſdome's nought, nought to thy Might,
But that thou ſhouldſt, *thy Glory laid aſide*,
Come baſely in Mortality to bide,
And die for thoſe deſerv'd an endleſſe night;
A Wonder is ſo far above our wit,
That *Angels* ſtand amaz'd to thinke on it.

WHat hapleſſe Hap had I for to be borne
In theſe unhappy Times, and dying Daies
Of this now doting World, when Good decayes,
Love's quite extinct, and *Vertue's* held a ſcorne!
When ſuch are only pris'd by wretched waies,
Who with a golden Fleece them can adorne;
When Avarice and Luſt are counted praiſe,
And braveſt Minds live *Orphane*-like forlorne!
Why was not I borne in that golden Age,
When Gold yet was not known? and thoſe black Arts
By which Baſe Worldlings vilely play their parts,
With Horrid Acts ſtaining Earths ſtately Stage?
To have been then, O heaven, 't had been my bliſs,
But bleſſe me now, and take me ſoone from this.

On the Pourtrait of the Counteſſe of Perthe.

SON.

THe *Goddeſſe* that in *Amathus* doth raigne,
With ſilver Tramells, and Saphir-colour'd Eyes,
When naked from her *Mothers* Chryſtall Plaine,
She firſt appear'd unto the wondring *Skies:*
Or when the *golden-Apple* to obtaine,
Her bluſhing Snow amazed *Idas* Trees,
Did never look in halfe ſo faire a guiſe,
As *She* here drawn *all other Ages Staine.*
O God what Beauties to inflame the Soule,
And hold the hardeſt Hearts in Chaines of Gold!
Faire Locks, ſweet Face, *Loves ſtately Capitole,*
Pure Neck which doth that heavenly Frame uphold,
If *Vertue* would to mortall Eyes appeare,
To raviſh ſenſe *She* would your Beautie wear.

SON.

IF *Heaven*, the *Stars*, and *Nature* did her grace
With all *Perfections* found the *Moone* above,
And what excelleth in this *lower Place*,
Found place in her to breed a World of Love:
If Angels Gleames ſhine on her faireſt Face,
Which makes Heavens Joy, on *Earth*, the gazer prove,
And her bright Eyes (the Orbes which *Beauty* move)
As *Phœbus* dazell in his glorious Race.
What Pencill paint what Colour to the ſight
So ſweet a Shape can ſhow? the bluſhing *Morne*,
The red muſt lend, the *Milkie-way* the white,
And *Night* the Stars which her rich Crown adorne;
To draw her right then, and make all agree,
The *Heaven* the *Table*, *Zeuxis Jove* muſt be.

On

On that ſame drawn with a Pencill.

SON.

WHen with brave *Art* the curious Painter drew
This Heavenly Shape, the hand why made he
With golden Veines that *Flow'r* of purple hue, (beare
Which follows on the *Planet* of the yeare?
Was it to ſhow how in our *Hemiſphcare*,
Like him *She* ſhines, nay that effects more true
Of Power, and Wonder do in her appeare,
While *He* but Flow'rs and *She* doth Minds ſubdue.
Or would he elſe to *Vertues* glorious light
Her conſtant Courſe make known, or is't that *He*
Doth paralell her bliſſe with *Clitias* plight:
Right ſo, and thus, He reading in Her Eye
Some *Lovers* end, to grace what he did grave,
For *Cypres* Tree, this *mourning Flow'r* her gave.

MADRIGALL.

IF ſight be not beguil'd,
And eyes right play their part,
This Flower is not of Art,
But's faireſt Natures *Child,*
And though when Titan's *from our* World *exil'd,*
She doth not lock her leaves his loſſe to moane,
No wonder, Earth *finds now more* Suns *than one.*

To the Author.

Parthenius.

WHile thou dost praise the Roses, Lillies, Gold,
Which in a dangling Tresse, and Face appeare,
Still stands the Sun in Skies thy Songs to heare,
A Silence sweet each whispering Wind doth hold:
Sleep in Pasithea's Lap his Eyes doth fold,
The Sword falls from the God of the fift Spheare,
The Heards to feed, the Birds to sing forbeare,
Each Plant breaths Love, each Flood and Fountain cold.
And hence it is, that that once Nymph, now Tree,
Who did th' Amphrisian Shepheards Sighs disdaine,
And scorn'd his Layes, mov'd by a sweeter Vaine,
Is become pitifull, and follows Thee.
Thee loves, and vaunteth that she hath the Grace,
A Garland for thy Locks to enterlace.

Alexis.

THe Love Alexis did to Damon beare,
Shall witness'd be to all the Woods and Plaines,
As singular renown'd by neighbouring Swaines,
That to our Relicts Time may Trophees reare.
Those Madrigals we sung amidst our Flocks,
With Garlands guarded from Apollos Beames,
On Ochelles, whiles neare Bodotrias Streames,
The Ecchoes did resound them from the Rocks:
Of forraine Shepheards bent to try the States
Though I (Worlds Guest) a Vagabond do stray,
Thou may that Store which I esteem Survey,
As best acquainted with my Soules Conceits.
What ever Fate Heavens have for me design'd,
I trust thee with the Treasure of my Mind.

Swe

Clorus.

SWan which so sweetly sings,
By Aska's *Bankes, and pitifully plains,*
That old Meander *never heard such Straines,*
Eternall Fame, thou to thy Country brings:
And now our Calidon
Is by thy Songs made a new Helicon.
Her Mountaines, Woods, and Springs,
While Mountains, Woods, Springs be, shall sound thy praise,
And though fierce Boreas *oft make pale her Bayes,*
And kill those Mirtills *with enraged Breath,*
Which should thy Brows enwreath;
Her Flouds have Pearles, Seas Amber do send forth;
Her Heaven hath golden Stars to crown thy Worth.

Mœris.

THe sister Nymphs *which haunt the* Thespian *springs,*
More liberally their Gifts ne're did bequeath
To them who on their Hils suckt sacred Breath,
Then unto thee, by which thou sweetly sings.
Ne're did Apollo *raise on* Pegase *Wings*
A Muse more neare Himselfe, more far from Earth,
Than thine; whether thou weep thy Ladies Death,
Or sing those sweet-sowre Pangs that Passion *brings.*
To write our Thoughts in Verse doth merit Praise,
But thus the Verse to gild in Fictions *Ore,*
Bright, rich, delightfull, doth deserve much more,
As thou hast done these thy melodious Layes:
No doubt thy Muses *faire* Morne *doth bewray*
The swift Approach of a more glistring Day.

TEARES
ON THE
DEATH
OF
MOELIADES.

BY
WILLIAM DRUMMOND
OF
HAVVTHORNEDEN.

LONDON,
Printed in the Yeare 1656.

To the Author.

IN Waves of Woe *thy Sighs my Soule do toſſe,*
And make run out the flond-gates of my teares,
Whoſe rankling Wound no ſmoothing Baume long beares,
But freely bleeds when ought upbraids my Loſſe.
'Tis thou ſo ſweetly Sorrow *makeſt to ſing,*
And troubled Paſſions doſt ſo well accord,
That more Delight Thy Anguiſh *doth afford,*
Than others Joyes *can Satisfaction bring.*
What ſacred Wits (when raviſh'd) do affect,
To force Affections, Metamorphoſe Minds,
Whilſt numbrous Power the Soule in ſecret binds,
Thou haſt perform'd, transforming in Effect.
For never Plaints did greater Pitty move,
The beſt Applauſe that can ſuch Notes approve.

Sr W. ALEXANDER.

Teares on the Death of MOELIADES.

O *Heavens!* then is it true that Thou art gone,
And left this woefull *Isle* her Losse to moane,
Mœliades, bright *Day-star* of the *West*,
A *Comet* blazing Terrour to the *East*:
And neither that thy *Spirit* so heavenly wise,
Nor *Body* (though of *Earth*) more pure than *Skies*,
Nor royall *Stem*, nor thy sweet tender *Age*,
Of cruell *Destinies* could quench the *Rage*?
O fading *Hopes*! O short-while-lasting *Joy*,
Of Earth-borne man, that one *Houre* can destroy!
Then even of *Vertues* Spoiles *Death* Trophies reares,
As if he gloried most in many Teares.
Forc'd by hard *Fates*, do *Heavens* neglect our Cries?
Are *Stars* set only to act *Tragedies*?
Then let them do their *Worst* since thou art gone,
Raise whom thou list to Thrones, enthron'd dethrone,
Staine Princely *Bow'rs* with Bloud, and even to *Gange*,
In *Cypresse* sad, glad *Hymens Torches* change.
Ah thou hast left to live, and in the Time,
When scarce thou blossom'd'st in thy pleasant Prime,
So falls by Northern Blast a virgin *Rose*,
At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close:
So a sweet *Flower* languishing decaies,
That late did blush when kist by *Phœbus* Raies.
So *Phœbus* mounting the *Meridians* height,
Choak't by pale *Phœbe*, faints unto our sight,

Astonish'd *Nature* sullen stands to see,
The *Life* of all this *All* so chang'd to be,
In gloomy Gowns the *Stars* this losse deplore,
The *Sea* with murmuring Mountaines beats the Shore,
Black *Darkenesse* reeles o're all in thousand Show'rs
The weeping *Aire* on *Earth* her sorrow poures,
That, in a Palsey, quakes to see so soone
Her *Lover* set, and *Night* burst forth ere *Noone*.
If *Heaven* (alas) ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was't not where thou might'st thy *Valour* try?
And to the wondring *World* at least set forth
Some little Sparke of thy expected *Worth*?
Mœliades, O that by *Ister's* Streames,
'Mong sounding Trumpets, fiery twinkling Gleames
Of warme vermilion Swords, and Cannons Roare,
Balls thick as Raine pour'd on the *Caspian* Shore,
'Mongst broken Spears, 'mongst ringing Helms & shields,
Huge heapes of slaughtred Bodies long the Fields,
In *Turkish blood* made red like *Marses Star*,
Thou endedst had thy Life, and Christian War:
Or as brave *Burbon* thou hadst made old *Rome*,
Queen of the World, thy Triumph, and thy Tombe.
So *Heavens* fair Face to th'unborne *World*, which reads,
A Book had been of thy illustrious Deeds.
So to their Nephews aged *Syres* had told
The high Exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd Bands,
Fierce Tyrants flying, foyl'd, kill'd by thy Hands.
And in rich *Arras*, Virgins faire had wrought
The Bayes and Trophies to thy *Country* brought:
While some New *Homer* imping Wings to *Fame*,
Deafe *Nilus* dwellers had made heare thy Name.
That thou didst not attaine these *Honours Spheares*,
Through want of *Worth* it was not, but of *Yeares*.
A Youth more brave pale *Troy* with trembling Walls
Did never see, nor *She* whose *Name* appalls

Bo-

Both *Titans* golden *Bow'rs*, in bloudy Fights,
Muſtring on *Mars* his Field, ſuch *Mars*-like Knights.
The *Heavens* had brought thee to the higheſt Hight
Of Wit and Courage, ſhewing all their Might
When they thee fram'd. *Aye me* that what is brave
On *Earth*, they as their own ſo ſoon ſhould crave.
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaſpes* pearly ſhore. (paſſe
When *Forth* thy Nurſe. *Forth* where thou firſt didſt
Thy tender Daies (who ſmil'd oft on her Glaſſe;
To ſee thee gaze) *Meandring* with her *Streames*,
Heard thou hadſt left this *Round*, from *Phœbus* Beames,
She ſought to flie, but forced to returne
By *Neighbouring Brooks*, She ſet her ſelfe to mourne:
And as ſhe ruſh'd her *Cyclades* among.
She ſeem'd too plain, that *Heaven* had done her wrong.
With a hoarſe plaint, *Cleyd* down her ſteepy rocks,
And *Tweid* through her green Mountaines clad with flocks,
Did wound the *Ocean* murmuring thy death,
The *Ocean* it roar'd about the *Earth*, (rold
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* told,
Who ſhrunke through griefe, and down his white hairs
Huge *Streames* of tears, which changed were to flouds,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains & woods.
The leſſer *Brooks* as they did bubling go,
Did keep a *Conſort* to the publike *Woe*.
The *Shepheards* left their Flocks with down-caſt eies,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry *Skies*:
Some brake their Pipes, and ſome in ſweet-ſad Layes,
Made ſenſeleſſe things amazed at thy Praiſe.
His Reed *Alexis* hung upon a *Tree*,
And with his Teares made *Doven* great to be.
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaſpes* pearely ſhore.
Chaſte *Maids* which haunt faire *Aganippes Well*,
And you in *Tempes* ſacred *Shade* who dwell,

Let

Let fall your Harps, ceaſe Tunes of Joy to ſing,
Diſſheveled make all *Parnaſſus* ring
With *Anthemes* lad, thy Muſick *Phœbus* turne
To doleſull plaints, whilſt *Joy* it ſelfe doth mourne.
Dead is thy *Darling* who adorn'd thy Bayes,
Who oft was wont to cheriſh thy ſweet Layes,
And to a *Trumpet* raiſe thy amorous *Stile*,
That floting *Delos* envy might this *Iſle*.
You *Acidalian* Archers breake your Bows,
Your Torches quench, with teares blot *Beauties* Snows,
And bid your weeping *Mother* yet againe
A ſecond *Adons* death, nay *Mars* his plaine.
His *Eyes* once were your *Darts* nay, even his *Name*,
Where ever heard, did every *Heart* inflame.
Tagus did court his *Love* with *Golden Streames*,
Rhein with his *Towns*, faire *Seine* with *all ſhe claimes*.
But *ah* (poore Lovers) *Death* them did betray,
And not ſuſpected made their *Hopes* his *Prey!*
Tagus bewailes his *Loſſe* in *Golden Streames*,
Rhein with his *Towns*, faire *Seine* with *all ſhe claimes*.
Mœliades ſweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaſpes* pearly ſhore.
Eye-pleaſing *Meads*, whoſe painted *Plain* forth brings
White, golden, azure Flow'rs, which once were Kings,
To mourning *Black*, their *ſhining Colours* dye,
Bow down their Heads, while ſighing *Zephires* fly.
Queen of the fields, whoſe Bluſh makes bluſh the *Morn*,
Sweet *Roſe*, a Princes Death in *Purple* mourn.
O *Hyacinths* for aye your *are* keep ſtill,
Nay, with moe markes of *Woe* your Leaves now fill.
And you O *Flow'r* of *Helens* teares that's borne,
Into theſe liquid *Pearles* againe you turne.
Your green Locks, *Forreſts* cut, to weeping *Mirres*,
To deadly *Cypres*, and Inke-dropping *Firres*,
Your *Palmes* and *Mirtles* change, from ſhadows dark
Wing'd *Syrens* waile, and you ſad *Ecchoes* marke

The

The lamentable Accents of their Moane,
And plaine that brave *Mœliades* is gone.
Stay *Skie* thy turning Course, and now become
A stately *Arch*, unto the *Earth* his Tombe:
And over it still watry *Iris* keep,
And sad *Electras* Sisters which still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore,
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly shore.
Deare *Ghost* forgive these our untimely Teares,
By which our loving Mind, though weake appeares,
Our Losse not Thine (when we complaine) we weep,
For, Thee the glistring Walls of *Heaven* do keep,
Beyond the *Planets* Wheels, 'bove highest Source
Of Spheares; that turnes the lower in his Course.
Where *Sun* doth never set, nor ugly *Night*
Ever appeares in mourning Garments dight:
Where *Boreas* stormy Trumpet doth not sound,
Nor Clouds, in Lightnings bursting, Minds astound.
From *Cares* cold Climates far, and hot *Desire*,
Where *Time*'s exil'd, and *Ages* ne're expire:
'Mong purest Spirits environed with Beames,
Thou think'st all things below, t' have been but dreams;
And joyst to look down to the azur'd Bars
Of *Heaven* powd'red with Troupes of streaming *Stars*:
And in their turning *Temples* to behold,
In silver Robe the *Moone*, the *Sun* in Gold;
Like young Eye-speaking *Lovers* in a Dance,
With Majesty by Turnes, retire, advance.
Thou wondrest *Earth* to see hang like a Ball,
Clos'd in the mighty *Cloyster* of this *All*:
And that poore *Men* should prove so madly fond,
To tosse themselves for a small spot of Ground.
Nay, that they even dare brave the *Powers* above,
From this base *Stage* of Change, that cannot move.
All worldly Pompe, and Pride thou seest arise
Like Smoake that's scatt'red in the empty Skies.

Other

Other high *Hils* and *Forrests* other *Tow'rs*,
Amaz'd thou findst excelling our poore Bow'rs,
Courts void of Flattery, of Malice *Minds*,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as *Reason* blinds.
Thou sweeter *Songs* dost heare, and Carrollings,
Whilst *Heavens* do dance, and *Quires* of *Angels* sings,
Then muddy *Minds* could faine, even our *Annoy*
(If it approach that Place) is chang'd to Joy.
Rest blessed soule, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose Beames (though dazling) do delight,
Life of all lives, *Cause* of each other cause,
The *Spheare* and *Center* where the *Mind* doth pause:
Narcissus of himselfe, himselfe the *Well*,
Lover, and *Beauty* that doth all excell.
Rest happy *Soule*, and wonder in that *Glasse*,
Where seen is all that *shall be*, *is*, or *was*,
While *shall be*, *is*, or *was*, do passe away,
And nothing be, but an *Eternall Day*.
For ever rest, thy Praise *Fame* will enroule
In golden Annals, while about the Pole
The slow *Boötes* turnes, or *Sun* doth rise
With scarlet Scarfe to cheare the mourning *Skies*.
The Virgins to thy Tombe will Garlands beare
Of Flow'rs, and with each Flow'r let fall a Teare.
Mæliades sweet courtly *Nymphs* deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearly shore.

William Drummond.

OF JET,
Or PORPHYRIE,
Or that white Stone
PAROS *affords alone,*
Or theſe in AZURE *dye,*
Which ſeem to ſcorn the SKIE;
Here Memphis *Wonders do not ſet,*
Nor ARTEMISIA'S *huge Frame,*
That keeps ſo long her Lovers Name:
Make no great marble Atlas *ſtoop with Gold*
To pleaſe the Vulgar EYE *ſhall it behold:*
The Muſes, Phœbus, *Love, have raiſed of their teares*
A Cryſtal Tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

STay *Passenger*, see where enclosed lies,
The *Paragon* of Princes, fairest *Frame*,
Time, *Nature*, *Place*, could show to mortall *Eyes*
In *Worth*, *Wit*, *Vertue*, *Miracle of Fame*:
At least that Part the *Earth* of him could clame,
This *Marble* holds (*hard like the Destinies*)
For as to his brave *Spirit*, and glorious *Name*,
The One the *World*, the other fills the *Skies*.
Th'immortall *Amaranthus*, princely *Rose*,
Sad *Violet*, and that *sweet Flow'r* that beares,
In *Sanguine Spots* the *Tenor* of our Woes,
Spread on this *Stone*, and wash it with your *Tears*
Then go and tell from *Gades* unto *Inde*,
You saw where *Earths Perfections* were con-
(fin'd.

SON.

A Paſſing *Glance*, a *Lightning* long the skies
Which uſh'ring *Thunder*, dies ſtraight to our ſight,
A *Sparke* that doth from jarring mixtures riſe,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge Depths of *Day* and *Night*
Is this ſmall trifle, *Life*, held in ſuch Price,
Of blinded *Wights*, who ne're judge Ought aright?
Of *Parthian* ſhaft ſo ſwift is not the *Flight*,
As *Life*, that waſtes it ſelfe, and living dies.
Ah, what is humane *Greatneſſe*, *Valour*, *Wit*?
What fading *Beauty*, *Riches*, *Honour*, *Praiſe*?
To what doth ſerve in *golden Thrones* to ſit,
Thrall Earths vaſte Round, triumphall *Arches* raiſe?
That's all a *Dreame* learne in this *Princes* Fall,
In whom ſave *Death*, nought mortall was at all.

William Drummond.

The

To the Reader.

THe *Name*, which in theſe Verſes is given unto *Prince Henry*, is that which he Himſelfe in the Challenges of his Martiall *S*ports, and Maſcarads, was wont to uſe, MOELIADES *Prince of the Iſles*: which in *Anagram* maketh a *Word* moſt worthy of ſuch a Knight as He was, a Knight (if *Time* had ſuffered his Actions anſwer the Worlds expectation) only worthy of ſuch a *Word*, *Miles A Deo*.

MAD-

MADRIGALS
AND
EPIGRAMS.

Madrigals and Epigrams:

The Statue of *Medusa*.

OF *that* Medusa *strange,*
Who those that did her see in Rocks did change,
No Image carv'd is this;
Medusa's *selfe it is:*
For while at heate of Day
To quench her Thirst She by this Spring did stay,
Her hideous Head beholding in this Glasse,
Her Senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

The Portrait of *Mars* and *Venus*.

FAire Paphos *wanton Queen*
(Not drawn in White and Red)
Is truly here, as when in Vulcans *Bed*
She was of all Heavens laughing Senate *seen.*
Gaze on her Haire, and Eine,
Her Brows, the Bows of Love,
Her back with Lillies spred:
Ye also might perceive her turne and move,
But that She neither so will do, nor dare,
For feare to wake the angry God of War.

Narcissus.

FLouds cannot quench my Flames, ah! in this Well
I burne, not drowne, for what I cannot tell.

Dameta's Dreame.

DAmetas dream'd he saw his Wife at Sport,
And found that sight was through the horny Port.

Cherries.

MY Wanton weep no more
The losing of your Cherries,
Those, and far sweeter Berries,
Your Sister in good store
Hath in her Lips and Face,
Be glad, kisse her with me, and hold your peace.

Icarus.

WHile with audacious Wings
I cleav'd those airy Waies,
And fill'd (a Monster new) with Dread and Feares,
The feathered People and their Eagle Kings:
Dazell'd with Phœbus *Rayes,*
And charmed with the Musick of the Spheares,
When Quills could move no more and force did faile,
Though down I fell from Heavens high azure bounds:
Yet doth Renowne my Losses countervaile,
For still the Shore my brave attempt resounds.
A Sea, an Element doth beare my Name,
What Mortalls Tombe *'s so great in Place or Fame.*

On

On his Lady, beholding her selfe in a Marble.

WOrld wonder not, that I
Keep in my breſt engraven
That Angels face hath me of Reſt bereaven.
See Dead and Senſeleſſe things cannot deny
To lodge ſo deare a Gueſt:
Ev'n this hard Marble Stone
Receives the ſame, and loves, but cannot groane.

To ſleep.

HOw comes it Sleep, *that thou*
Even kiſſes me affords
Of her (deare her) ſo far who 's abſent now?
How did I heare thoſe Words,
Which Rocks might move, and move the Pines to Bow?
Aye me, *before halfe day*
Why did'ſt thou ſteale away?
Returne, I thine for ever will remaine,
If thou wilt bring with thee that Gueſt againe.

Apleaſant deceit.

OVer a chriſtall Source
Iölas *laid his face,*
Of purling Streames to ſee the reſtleſſe Courſe.
But ſcarce he had o'reſhadowed the Place,
When in the water he a Child eſpies,
So like himſelfe in ſtature, Face, and Eyes,
That glad he roſe, and cried,
Deare Mates approach, ſee whom I have deſcried,
The Boy of whom ſtrange ſtories Shepheards tell,
Oft-called Hylas, *dwelleth in this Well.*

The Canon.

WHen firſt the Canon *from her gaping Throat*
Againſt the Heaven her roaring Sulphur ſhot,
Jove wakened with the noiſe did aske with wonder,
What Mortall Wight had ſtolne from him his Thunders?
His chriſtall Tow'rs he feared, but Fire and Aire
So high did ſtay the Ball from mounting there.

Thais Metamorphoſis.

INto Briareus *huge*
Thais *wiſh'd ſhe might change*
Her Man, and pray'd him not thereat to grudge,
Nor fondly thinke it ſtrange;
For if (ſaid ſhe) I might the parts diſpoſe,
I wiſh you not a hundred Armes nor Hands,
But hundred things like thoſe
With which Priapus *in our Garden ſtands.*

The quality of a Kiſſe.

THe kiſſe with ſo much ſtrife
Which I late got (ſweet Heart)
Was it a ſign of Death, or was it Life?
Of Life it could not be,
For I by it did ſigh my Soule in thee:
Nor was it Death, Death doth no joy impart.
Thou ſilent ſtand'ſt, ah! what did'ſt thou bequeath,
A dying Life to me, or living Death?

His

His Ladies Dog.

WHen Her deare Bosome clips
That little Cur, which fawnes to touch her Lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lap'd in her Lap,
O it grows Noon with me,
With hotter-pointed Beames
I burne, then those are which the Sun forth streames,
When piercing lightning his Rayes call'd may be:
And as I muse how I to those extreames
Am brought, I find no Cause, except that She
In Loves *bright* Zodiack *having trac'd each Roome,*
To the hot Dog-star now at last is come.

An Almanack.

THis strange Ecclipse one saies
Strange Wonders doth foretell;
But you whose Wives excell,
And love to count their Praise,
Shut all your gates, your Hedges plant with Thornes,
The Sun did threat the World this time with Hornes.

The Silk-worme of Love.

A Dædale of my Death
Now I resemble that flie worme on Earth,
Which prone to its own harme doth take no rest:
For Day and Night oppress,
I feed on fading Leaves
Of Hope which me deceives,
And thousand Webs do warpe within my Brest,
And thus in end unto my selfe I weave
A fast-shut Prison, or a closer Grave.

Deep impression of Love to his Mistris.

WHom a mad Dog doth bite,
He doth in Water still
That mad Dogs Image see:
Love mad (perhaps) when he my Heart did smite
(More to dissemble his Ill)
Transform'd himselfe to thee:
For thou art present ever since to me.
No Spring there is, no Flood, nor other Place,
Where I (alas) not see thy Heavenly Face.

A Chaine of Gold.

ARe not those Locks of Gold
Sufficient Chaines the wildest Hearts to hold?
Is not that Ivory Hand
A Diamantine Band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed Mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes: why is that Golden One then woune?
Thus free in Chaines (perhaps) Loves Chaines to scorne.

On the Death of a Linnet.

IF cruell Death *had Eares,*
Or could be pleas'd by Songs,
This wing'd Musician had liv'd many yeares,
And Nisa *mine had never wept these Wrongs:*
For when it first took Breath,
The Heavens their Notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that Samians *sentences be true,*
Amphion *in this Body liv'd anew.*
But Death, *who nothing spares, and nothing heares,*
As he doth Kings, kill'd it, O Griefe! O Teares!

Lillas

Lillas Prayer.

LOve *if thou wilt once more*
That I to thee returne,
(Sweet God) make me not burn
For quivering Age, that doth ſpent Daies deplore.
Nor do thou wound my Heart
For ſome unconſtant Boy
Who joyes to love, yet makes of Love a Toy.
But (ah!) *if I muſt prove thy golden Dart,*
Of grace, O let me find
A ſweet young Lover with an aged Mind.
Thus Lilla *pray'd, and* Idas *did reply,*
(Who heard) Deare have thy wiſh, for ſuch am I.

Armelins Epitaph.

NEare to this Eglantine
Enclosed lies the milke-white Armeline;
Once Cloris *only joy,*
Now only her annoy,
Who envied was of the moſt happy Swaines
That keep their Flocks in Mountaines, Dales, or Plains:
For oft ſhe bore the wanton in her Arme,
And oft her Bed, and Boſome did he warme;
Now when unkinder Fates *did him deſtroy,*
Bleſt Dog he had the Grace,
That Cloris *for him wet with teares her Face.*

Epitaph.

THe Bawd of Juſtice, he who Laws controll'd,
And made them fawn, and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus *of our State, whoſe Heart and Mouth*
Were farther diſtant than is North from South,

That

That Cormorant who made himselfe so grosse
On Peoples Ruine, and the Princes Losse,
Is gone to Hell, and though he here did evill,
He there perchance may prove an honest Devill.

A Translation.

Fierce Robbers were of old
Exil'd the Champian Ground;
From Hamlets chas'd, in Cities kill'd, or bound,
And only Woods, Caves, Mountaines, did them hold:
But now (when all is sold)
Woods, Mountaines, Caves, to good Men be refuge,
And do the Guiltlesse lodge,
And clad in Purple Gowns
The greatest Theeves command within the Towns.

Epitaph.

THen Death *thee hath beguil'd*
Alectos *first borne* Child;
Then thou who thrall'd all Laws
Now against Wormes cannot maintaine thy Cause:
Yet Wormes (more just than thou) now do no Wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long;
For though from Life thou didst but lately passe,
Twelve Springs are gone since thou corrupted *was.*

Come Citizens, erect to death *an Altar,*
Who keeps you from Axe, Fuell, Timber, Halter.

A Jeſt.

IN a moſt holy Church, a holy man,
Unto a holy Saint with Viſage wan,
And Eyes like Fountaines, mumbled forth a Prayer,
And with ſtrange Words and Sighs made black the Aire.
And having long ſo ſtay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thouſand croſſes on himſelfe he lay'd,
And with ſome ſacred Beads hung on his Arme
His Eyes, his Mouth, his Temples, Breſt did charme.
Thus not content (ſtrange Worſhip hath no end)
To kiſſe the Earth at laſt he did pretend,
And bowing down beſought with humble grace,
An aged Woman neare to give ſome place:
She turn'd, and turning up her Hole *beneath,*
Said, Sir kiſſe here, for it is all but Earth.

Proteus of Marble.

THis is no work of Stone,
Though it ſeems breathleſſe, cold, and ſenſe hath none;
But that falſe God which keeps
The monſtrous people of the raging Deeps:
Now that he doth not change his ſhape this while,
It is thus conſtant more you to beguile.

Pamphilus.

SOme Ladies wed, ſome love, and ſome adore them,
I like their wanton ſport, then care not for them.

Apelles enamour'd of *Campaſpe*, *Alexanders* Miſtris.

POore Painter while I ſought
To counterfeit by Art
The faireſt Frame which Nature *ever wrought,*
And having limm'd each Part
Except her matcheſſe Eyes:
Scarce on thoſe Suns I gaz'd,
As Lightning falls from Skies,
When ſtraight my Hand grew weake, my Mind amaz'd,
And ere that Pencill halfe them had expreſt,
Love *had them drawn, me, grav'd them in my Breſt.*

Campaſpe.

ON Stars ſhall I exclaime,
Which thus my Fortune change,
Or ſhall I elſe revenge
Upon my ſelfe this ſhame,
Inconſtant Monarch, or ſhall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles *prove*
The ſweet Delights of Alexanders *Love?*
No, Stars, my ſelfe, and thee, I all forgive,
And Joves, that thus I live;
Of thee, blind King, my Beauty *was deſpis'd,*
Thou didſt not know it, *now being known 'tis priz'd.*

Cornucopia.

IF for one only Horne,
Which Nature *to him gave,*
So famous is the noble Unicorne?
What praiſe ſhould that Man have,
Whoſe Head a Lady brave
Doth with a goodly paire at once adorne?

Love

Love ſuffers no Paraſol.

THoſe Eyes, deare Eyes, be Spheares
Where two bright Suns *are roll'd,*
That faire Hand to behold
Of whiteſt Snow appeares:
Then while ye coyly ſtand
To hide from me thoſe Eyes,
Sweet I would you adviſe
To chuſe ſome other fawne than that white Hand:
For if ye do, for truth moſt true this know,
Thoſe Suns *ere long muſt needs conſume warme Snow.*

Unpleaſant Muſick.

IN fields Ribaldo *ſtray'd*
Mayes *Tapeſtry to ſee,*
And hearing on a Tree
A Cuckow ſing, ſigh'd to himſelfe and ſaid,
Loe how alas even Birds ſit mocking me.

Sleeping Beauty.

O Sight too dearely bought!
Shee ſleeps, and though thoſe Eyes
Which lighten Cupids *Skies*
Be clos'd, yet ſuch a grace
Environeth that Place,
That I through Wonder to grow faint am brought:
Suns *if ecclips'd you have ſuch power divine,*
What power have I t' endure you when you ſhine?

Alcons Kisse.

WHat others at their Eare,
Two Pearles, Camilla *at her Nose did weare,*
Which Alcon *who nought saw*
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty Kisse;
But having known his misse,
And felt what Ore he from that Mine did draw,
When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foule Water quenched Fire.

The Statue of *Venus* sleeping.

PAssenger vexe not thy Mind
To make me mine Eyes unfold;
For if thou shouldst them behold,
Thine perhaps they will make blind.

Laura *to* Petrarch.

I Rather love a Youth and childish Rime,
Than thee whose Verse and Head are wise through (Time.

The Rose.

FLow'r which of Adons *Blond*
Sprang, when of that cleave Floud
Which Venus *wept, another white was borne:*
The sweet Cynarean *Youth thou lively shows,*
But this sharpe-pointed Thorne
So proud about thy Crimsin *Folds that grows,*
What doth it represent?
Boares Teeth (perhaps) his milk-white Flanke which rent.
O show in one of unesteemed Worth
That both the kill'd, and killer setteth forth!

A Lovers Prayer.

NEare to a Chriſtall Spring,
With Thirſt and Heat oppreſt,
Narciſſa faire doth reſt,
Trees, pleaſant Trees which thoſe green plains forth bring
Now interlace your trembling Tops above,
And make a Canopy unto my Love;
So in Heavens higheſt Houſe when Sun appeares,
Aurora may yon cheriſh with her Teares.

Iolas Epitaph.

HEre deare Iolas lies,
Who whilſt he liv'd in Beauty did ſurpaſſe
That Boy, whoſe heavenly Eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in watry Glaſſe,
Even Judge the God of Love.
And if the Nymph once held of him ſo deare
Dorine the faire, would here but ſhed one Teare,
Thou ſhouldſt in Natures ſcorne
A Purple Flow'r ſee of this Marble borne.

The Trojan Horſe.

A Horſe I am, who bit,
Reine, rod, Spur do not feare,
When I my Riders beare,
Within my Wombe, not on my Back they ſit.
No ſtreames I drinke, nor care for Graſſe or Corne;
Art me a Monſter wrought
All Natures workes to ſcorne;
A Mother I was without Mother borne,
In end all arm'd my Father I forth brought:
What thouſand Ships, and Champions of renowne
Could not ao free, captiv'd I rax'd Troy's Town.

For

For *Dorus.*

WHy Nais *ſtand ye nice*
Like to a well wrought Stone,
When Dorus *would you kiſſe?*
Denie him not that bliſſe,
He's but a Child (old Men be Children twice)
And even a Toothleſſe one:
And when his Lips yours touch in that delight
Ye need not feare he will theſe Cherries bite.

Love vagabonding.

SWeet Nymphs, *if as ye ſtray*
Ye find the froth-borne Goddeſſe of the Sea,
All blubb'red, pale, undone,
Who ſeeks her giddy Son,
That little God of Love,
Whoſe golden ſhafts your chaſteſt Boſomes prove;
Who leaving all the Heavens hath run away?
If ought to him that finds him ſhe'll impart
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my Heart.

To a River.

SIth She will not that I
She to the World my Joy,
Thou who oft mine annoy
Haſt heard deare Floud, tell Thetis *if thou can*
That not a happier Man
Doth breathe beneath the Skie.
More ſweet, more white, more faire,
Lips, Hands, and Amber Haire,
Tell none did ever touch,
A ſmaller daintier Waſte
Tell never was embrac't
But peace ſince ſhe forbids thee tell too much.

Lids.

Lida.

SUch Lida *is, that who her ſees,*
Through Envy, or through Love, ſtraight dies.

Phræne.

AOnian *Siſters help my* Phrænes *Praiſe to tell,*
Phræne *heart of my heart, with whom the* Graces
For I ſurcharged am ſo ſore that I not know (dwell,
What firſt to praiſe of her, her Breſt, or Neck of Snow,
Her Cheeks with Roſes ſpred, or her two Sun-like Eyes,
Her teeth of brighteſt pearl, her lips where Sweetnes *lies?*
But thoſe ſo praiſe themſelves, being to all Eyes ſet forth,
That Muſes *ye need not to ſay ought of their Worth,*
Then her white ſwelling Paps eſſay for to make known,
But her white ſwelling paps through ſmalleſt vail are ſhown;
Yet She *hath ſomething elſe more worthy than the reſt*
Not ſeen, go ſing of that which lies beneath her breſt,
And mounts like fair Parnaſſe *where* Pegaſſe *well doth run;*
Here Phræne *ſtay'd my* Muſe *ere ſhe had well begun.*

Kiſſes deſired.

THough I with ſtrange Deſire
To kiſſe thoſe roſie Lips am ſet on fire,
Yet will I ceaſe to crave
Sweet kiſſes in ſuch ſtore,
As he who long before
In thouſands them from Lesbia *did receive:*
Sweet heart but once me kiſſe,
And I by that ſweet bliſſe
Even ſweare to ceaſe you to importune more;
Poore one no number is.
Another Word of me ye ſhall not heare
After one Kiſſe, but ſtill one Kiſſe my Deare.

Desired Death.

DEare Life while I do touch
These Corrall Ports of blisse,
Which still themselves do kisse,
And sweetly me invite to do as much.
All panting in my Lips,
My Heart my life doth leave,
No sense my Senses have,
And inward Powers do find a strange Ecclipse:
This Death so heavenly well
Doth so me please, that I
Would never longer seeke in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but dye.

Phœbe.

IF for to be alone, and all the Night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe *without slander.*

Answer.

FOole, still to be alone, all Night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste without slander.

The cruelty of *Rora.*

WHilst sighing forth his Wrongs,
In sweet, though dolefull Songs,
Alexis *sought to charme his* Roras *Eares,*
The Hils were heard to moane,
To sigh each Spring appeared.
Trees, hardest Trees through Rine distill'd their Teares,
And soft grew every Stone:
But Teares, nor Sighs, nor Songs could Rora *move,*
For she rejoyced at his plaint and love.

A Kisse.

HArke, happy Lovers, harke,
This first and last of Joyes,
This sweetner of Annoyes,
This Nectar *of the Gods,*
You call a Kisse, is with it selfe at odds:
And halfe so sweet is not
In equall Measure got,
At light of Sun, as it is in the darke,
Harke, happy Lovers, harke.

Kalas Complaint.

KAla old Mopsus *Wife,*
Kala with fairest Face,
For whom the Neighbour Swaines oft were at strife,
As she to milke her snowy Flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy Grace,
And said: What wretch like me doth lead her life?
I see not how my Taske shall have an end:
All Day I draw these streaming Dugs in Fold,
All Night mine empty Husband's soft and cold.

Phillis.

IN Peticoat of greene,
Her Haire about her Eine,
Phillis *beneath an Oake*
Sate milking her faire flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)
Her hand seem'd milke, in milke it was so white.

A Wish.

TO forge to mighty Jove
The thunder-bolts above,
Nor on this Round below
Rich Midas *skill to know,*
And make all Gold I touch,
Do I desire, it is for me too much;
Of all the Arts practis'd beneath the Skie,
I would but Phillis *Lapidarie be.*

Nisa.

NIsa, Palemons *Wife, him weeping told*
He kept not Grammar *rules now being old;*
For why (quoth she) position *false make ye,*
Putting a short thing where a long should be.

A Lovers Heaven.

THose Stars, nay Suns, which turne
So stately in their Spheares,
And dazeling do not burne,
The Beauty of the Morne
Which on these cheeks appeares,
The Harmony which to that voice is given,
Makes me thinke you are Heaven.
If Heaven you be, O that by powerfull Charmes,
I Atlas *were enfolded in your armes?*

Epitaph.

THis deare, though not-respected Earth, doth hold
One for his worth whose Tombe should be of gold.

Beauties

Beauties Idea.

WHo would Perfections *faire* Idea *see*,
On pretty Cloris *let him look with me*;
White is her haire, her Teeth white, white her Skin,
Black be her Eyes, her Eye-brows Cupids *Inne:*
Her Locks, her Body, hands do long appeare,
But Teeth short, short her Wombe, and either Eare;
The space 'twixt Shoulders, Eyes are wide, Brow wide,
Strait Waste, the Mouth strait, and her virgin Pride.
Thick are her Lips, Thighs, with Bankes swelling there,
Her Nose is small, small Fingers, and her Haire:
Her sugred Mouth, her Cheekes, her Nailes be red,
Little her Foot, Breast little, and her Head.
Such Venus *was, such was that Flame of* Troy,
Such Cloris *is, mine Hope, and only Joy.*

Lalus Death.

AMidst the Waves profound,
Far, far from all Reliefe,
The honest Fisher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut this little Skiffe:
The Boards of which did serve him for a Biere,
So that when he to the black World came neare
Of him no Silver greedy Charon got,
For he in his own Boat
Did passe that Fiend, by which the Gods do sweare.

FLOWERS of SION:

OR

SPIRITUALL POEMS,

By W.D.

TRiumphant Arches, Statues crown'd with Bayes,
Proud Obeliskes, Tombes of the vasteſt Frame,
Brazen Coloſſes *Atlaſes* of Fame,
And Temples builded to vaine Deities praiſe:
States which unſatiate Minds in bloud do raiſe,
From Southerne Pole unto the Artick Teame,
And even what we write to keep our Name,
Like Spiders Caules are made the ſport of Daies;
All only conſtant is in conſtant Change:
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into ſome other figure doth it range,
Thus rolls the reſtleſſe World beneath the Moon:
Wherefore (my Mind) above Time, Motion, Place,
Aſpire, and Steps, not reach'd by Nature, trace.

A Good that never ſatisfies the Mind,
A Beauty fading like the Aprill flow'rs,
A Sweet with flouds of Gall that runs combin'd,
A Pleaſure paſſing ere in thought made ours,
A Honour that more fickle is than wind,
A Glory at Opinions frown that low'rs,
A Treaſury which bankrupt Time devoures,
A Knowledge than grave Ignorance more blind:
A vaine Delight our equalls to command,
A Stile of greatneſſe, in effect a Dreame,
A ſwelling Thought of holding Sea and Land,
A ſervile Lot, deckt with a pompous Name:
Are the ſtrange Ends we toyle for here below,
Till wiſeſt Death make us our errours know.

LIfe a right ſhadow is,
For if it long appeare,
Then is it ſpent, and Deaths long Night draws neare;
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there ought ſo moving as is this?
When it is moſt in Sight,
It ſteales away, and none knows how or where,
So neare our Cradles to our Coffins are.

LOok as the Flow'r which lingringly doth fade,
The Mornings Darling late, the Summers Queen,
Spoyl'd of that Juyce which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my Life being dead,
Or in their Contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spred,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been,
Therefore, as doth the Pilgrim, whom the Night
Hast darkly to imprison on his way,
Thinke on thy Home (my Soule) and thinke aright,
Of what's yet left thee of Lifes wasting Day;
Thy Sun posts West ward, passed is thy Morne,
And twice it is not given thee to be borne.

THe weary Mariner so far not flies
An howling Tempest, Harbour to attaine,
Nor Shepheard hasts (when frayes of Wolves arise (
So fast to Fold to save his bleating traine,
As I (wing'd with Contempt and just Disdaine)
Now flie the World, and what it most doth prize,
And Sanctuary seek free to remaine
From wounds of abject Times, and Envies eyes;
To me this World did once seem sweet and faire,
While Senses light, Minds Perspective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd Landskip in the Aire,
And weeping Raine-bows her best Joyes I find:
Or if ought here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure Life, and silent Grave.

Of

OF this faire Volume which we World do name,
If we the ſheets and leaves could turne with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We cleare might read the Art and Wildome rare,
Find out his Power which wildeſt Pow'rs doth tame,
His Providence extending every-where,
His Juſtice which proud Rebels doth not ſpare,
In every Page, no, Period of the ſame:
But ſilly we like fooliſh Children reſt,
Well pleas'd with colour'd Velum, Leaves of Gold,
Faire dangling Ribbands, leaving what is beſt,
On the great Writers ſenſe ne're taking hold;
Or if by chance we ſtay our Minds on ought,
It is ſome Picture on the Margine wrought.

THe Griefe was common, common were the cries,
Teares, ſobs, and Groanes of that afflicted Traine,
Which of Gods choſen did the Sum containe,
And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
All good had left the World, each Vice did raign
In the moſt monſtrous ſorts Hell could deviſe,
And all Degrees, and each Eſtate did ſtaine,
Nor further had to go whom to ſurprize;
The World beneath, the Prince of Darkneſſe lay,
And in each Temple had himſelfe inſtall'd,
Was ſacrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,
Reſponſes gave, which (fooles) they did obey:
When (pitying Man) God of a Virgines wombe
Was borne, and thoſe falſe Deities ſtrooke dumbe.

Run

RUn (Shepheards) run, where *Bethlem* bleſt appears,
We bring the beſt of News, be not diſmay'd,
A Saviour there is borne, more old than yeares,
Amidſt the rolling Heaven this Earth who ſtay'd;
In a poore Cottage Inn'd, a Virgin Maid,
A weakling did him beare who all upbeares,
There he in Cloaths is wrapt, in Manger laid,
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares.
Run (Shepheards) run, and ſolemnize his Birth,
This is that Night, no, Day grown great with Bliſſe,
In which the Power of *Satan* broken is,
In Heaven be Glory, Peace unto the Earth;
Thus ſinging through the Aire the Angels ſwame,
And all the Stars re-ecchoed the ſame.

OThan the faireſt day, thrice fairer night,
Night to beſt Daies, in which a Sun doth riſe,
Of which the golden Eye which cleares the Skies,
Is but a ſparkling Ray, a Shadow light;
And bleſſed ye (in ſilly Paſtors ſight)
Mild Creatures in whoſe warme Crib now lies,
That Heaven-ſent Youngling, holy-Maid-born Wight,
'Midſt, end, beginning of our Propheſies:
Bleſt Cottage that hath Flow'rs in Winter ſpread,
Though withered bleſted Graſſe, that hath the grace
To deck and be a Carpet to that Place.

Thus ſinging to the ſounds of oaten Reed
Before the Babe, the Shepheards bow'd their knees,
And Springs ran Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

To

TO ſpread the azure Canopy of Heaven,
And make it twinkle with thoſe ſpangs of Gold,
To ſtay the pondrous Globe of Earth ſo even,
That it ſhould all, and nought ſhould it uphold;
To give ſtrange motions to the Planets ſeven,
Or Jove to make ſo meek, or Mars ſo bold,
To temper what is moiſt, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their Jars that ſweet accords are given:
Lord, to thy Wiſdom's nought; nought to thy Might,
But that thou ſhouldſt (thy Glory laid aſide)
Come meanely in mortality to 'bide,
And die for thoſe deſerv'd eternall plight,
A wonder is ſo far above our wit,
That Angels ſtand amaz'd to muſe on it.

THe laſt and greateſt Herauld of Heavens King,
Girt with rough Skins, hies to the Deſarts wild,
Among that ſavage brood the Woods forth bring,
Which he more harmleſſe found than man, and mild;
His food was Locuſts, and what there doth ſpring,
With Honey that from Virgine Hives diſtill'd,
Parcht Body, hollow Eyes, ſome uncouth thing
Made him appeare, long ſince from Earth exil'd,
There burſt he forth, all ye whoſe Hopes rely
On God, with me amidſt theſe Deſarts mourne,
Repent, repent, and from old errours turne.

Who liſt'ned to his voice, obey'd his cry;
Only the Ecchoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty Caves, repent, repent.

THese Eyes (deare Lord) once Tapers of Desire,
Fraile Scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These Locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wrackfull shelves to shadow deep,
Rings wedding Soules to Sins lethargick sleep,
To touch thy sacred Feet do now aspire.
In Seas of care behold a sinking Barke,
By winds of sharpe remorse unto thee driven,
O let me not be Ruines aym'd at marke,
My faults confest (Lord) say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian faire,
His teare-wet Feet still drying with her Haire.

I changed Countries new delights to find,
But *ah!* for pleasure I did find new paine,
Enchanting Pleasure so did Reason blind,
That Fathers love and words I scorn'd as vaine:
For Tables rich, for bed, for following traine
Of carefull servants to observe my Mind,
These Heards I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My Bed's a Rock, and Herbs my Life sustaine.
Now while I famine feele, feare worser harmes,
Father and Lord I turne, thy Love (yet great)
My faults will pardon, pitty mine estate.

This where an aged Oake had spread its Armes
Thought the lost Child, while as the Heards he led,
And pin'd with hunger on wild Acorns fed.

If

IF that the World doth in amaze remaine,
To heare in what a ſad deploring mood,
The Pelican poures from her breſt her Bloud,
To bring to life her younglings back againe?
How ſhould we wonder at that ſoveraigne Good,
Who from that Serpents ſting (that had us ſlaine)
To ſave our lives, ſhed his Lifes purple flood,
And turn'd to endleſſe Joy our endleſſe Paine?
Ungratefull Soule, that charm'd with falſe Delight,
Haſt long long wander'd in Sins flowry Path,
And didſt not thinke at all, or thought'ſt not right
On this thy Pelicans great Love and Death,
Here pauſe, and let (though Earth it ſcorn) heaven ſee
Thee poure forth tears to him pour'd Bloud for thee.

IF in the Eaſt when you do there behold
Forth from his Chriſtall Bed the Sun to riſe,
With roſie Robes and Crowne of flaming Gold;
If gazing on that Empreſſe of the Skies
That takes ſo many formes, and thoſe faire Brands
Which blaze in Heavens high Vault, Nights watchful eyes;
If ſeeing how the Seas tumultuous Bands
Of bellowing Billows have their courſe confin'd,
How unſuſtain'd the Earth ſtill ſtedfaſt ſtands;
Poore mortall Wights, you e're found in your Mind
A thought, that ſome great King did ſit above,
Who had ſuch Laws and Rites to them aſſign'd?
A King who fix'd the Poles, made Spheares to move,
All Wiſdome, Vnreneſſe, Excellency, Might,
All Goodneſſe, Greatneſſe, Juſtice, Beauty, Love;

With feare and wonder hither turne your Sight,
See, see (alas) him now, not in that State
Thought could fore-cast Him into Reasons light.
Now Eyes with teares, now Hearts with griefe make great,
Bemoane this cruell Death and ruthfull case,
If ever Plaints just Woe could aggravate?
From Sin and Hell to save us humane Race,
See this great King nail'd to an abject Tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard Pity! Love in strange degree!
He his own Life doth give, his Blood doth shed,
For Wormelings base such Worthinesse to see.
Poore Wights, behold his Visage pale as Lead,
His Head bow'd to His Breast, Locks sadly rent,
Like a crop't Rose that languishing doth fade.
Weake Nature weepe, astonish'd World lament,
Lament, you Winds, you Heaven that all containes,
And thou (my Soule) let nought thy Griefes relent.
Those Hands, those sacred Hands which hold the reines
Of this great All, and kept from mutuall wars
The Elements, beare rent for thee their Veines:
Those Feet which once must trade on golden Stars,
For thee with Nails would be pierc'd through and torn,
For thee Heavens King from Heaven himselfe debars:
This great heart-quaking Dolour waile and mourne,
Yee that long since Him saw by might of Faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be borne.
Not to behold his great Creators Death,
The Sun from sinfull eyes hath vail'd his light,
And faintly journies up Heavens saphyre Path:
And cutting from her Prows her Tresses bright,
The Moone doth keep her Lords sad Obsequies,
Impearling with her Teares her Robe of Night.
All staggering and lazie lowre the Skies,
The Earth and elementall Stages quake,
The long-since dead from burstled Graves arise.

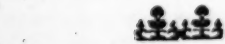
And

And can things wanting ſenſe yet ſorrow take,
And beare a part with him who all them wrought?
And Man (though borne with eries) ſhall pitty lack?
Thinke what had been your ſtate, had he not brought
To theſe ſharpe Pangs himſelfe, and priz'd ſo high
Your ſoules, that with his Life them life he bought.
What woes do you attend? if ſtill ye lye
Plung'd in your wonted ordures? wretched Brood,
Shall for your ſake againe God ever die?
O leave deluding ſhewi, embrace true good,
He on you calls, forgo Sins ſhamefull trade,
With Prayers now ſeek Heaven, and not with Blood.
Let not the Lambs more from their Dams be had,
Nor Altars bluſh for ſin, live every thing,
That long time long'd for ſacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great King
Is to beleeve, a pure Heart Incenſe is,
What gift (alas) can we him meaner bring?
Haſte ſin-ſick Soules, this ſeaſon do not miſſe,
Now while remorſeleſſe Time doth grant you ſpace,
And God invites you to your only Bliſſe:
He who you calls will not deny you Grace,
But low-deep bury faults, ſo ye repent,
His Armes (loe) ſtretched are you to embrace.
When Daies are done, and Lifes ſmall ſparke is ſpent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of Angels deathleſſe, all-content,
Ye ſhall for ever live with him in Heaven.

COme forth, come forth, ye bleſt triumphing Bands,
Faire Citizens of that immortall Town,
Come ſee that King which all this All commands,
Now (overcharg'd with Love) die for his own;
Look on thoſe Nailes which pierce his Feet and Hands,
What a ſharpe Diadem his Brows doth crown?
Behold his pallid Face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of Thieves him mocking ſtands,
Come forth ye Empyrean Troupes, come forth,
Preſerve this ſacred Bloud that Earth adornes,
Gather thoſe liquid Roſes off his Thornes,
O I to be loſt they be of too much worth:
For Streams, Juice, Balm they are, which quench, kills, charmes
Of God, Death, Hell, the wrath, the life, the harmes.

SOule, whom Hell did once inthrall,
He, He for thine offence,
Did ſuffer Death, who could not die at all.
O ſoveraigne Excellence,
O life of all that lives,
Eternall Bounty which each good thing gives,
How could Death mount ſo high?
No wit this Point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us at all who could not dye.

Life



LIfe to give life, deprived is of *Life*,
And Death diſplay'd hath Enſigne againſt *Death*;
So violent the Rigour was of *Death*,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of *Life*:
No Power had Pow'r to thrall Lifes Pow'rs to *Death*.
But willingly Life down hath laid *Life*,
Love gave the wound which wrought this worke of *Death*,
His Bow and Shafts were of the Tree of *Life*.
Now quakes the Author of eternall *Death*,
To find that they whom late he reft of *Life*,
Shall fill his Roome above the liſts of *Death*,
Now all rejoyce in Death who hope for *Life*.
Dead Jeſus lies, who Death hath kill'd by *Death*,
No Tombe his Tombe is, but new Source of *Life*.

RIſe from thoſe fragrant Climes, thee now embrace,
Unto this World of Ours O haſte thy Race,
Faire Sun, and though contrarie waies all yeare
Thou hold thy courſe, now with the higheſt Sheare,
Joyne thy blew Wheeles to haſten Time that low'rs,
And lazy Minutes turne to perfect Houres;
The Night and Death too long a league have made,
To ſtow the World in Horrours ugly ſhade:
Shake from thy Locks a Day with Safron raies
So faire, that it outſhine all other daies;
And yet do not preſume (great Eye of Light)
To be that which this Day muſt make ſo bright,
See an Eternall Sun haſts to ariſe,
Not from the Eaſterne blaſking Seas or Skies,
Or any ſtranger Worlds Heavens Concaves have,
But from the Darkneſſe of an hollow Grave.

And this is that all-powerfull Sun above,
That crown'd thy Brows with Rays, first made thee move.
Lights Trumpeters, ye need not from your Bow'rs
Proclaime this Day, this the angelick Pow'rs
Have done for you; But now an opall hew
Bepaints Heavens Christall, to the longing view
Earths late hid Colours shine, Light doth adorne
The World, and (weeping Joy) forth comes the Morne;
And with her, as from a Lethargick Trance
The breath return'd that Bodies doth advance,
Which two sad Nights in Rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron Guard invironed:
Life out of Death. Light out of Darknesse springs,
From a base Jaile forth comes the King of Kings;
What late was mortall, thrall'd to every woe,
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortall is, of an eternall Stampe,
Far brighter beaming than the morning Lampe.
So from a black Eclipse out-peares the Sun:
Such [when her course of Daies have on her run,
In a far Forrest in the pearly East;
And she her selfe hath burnt and spicie Nest]
The lovely Bird with youthfull Pens and Combe,
Doth sore from out her Cradle and her Tombe:
So a small seed that in the Earth lies hid
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy Side,
Adorn'd with yellow Locks of new is borne,
And doth become a Mother great with Corne,
Of Graines brings hundreds with it, which when old,
Enrich the Furrows which do float with Gold.
Haile holy Victor greatest Victor haile,
That Hell doth ransake, against Death prevaile,
O how thou l n 'd far com'st! with joyfull cries,
The all triumphing Palatines of Skies
Salute thy rising, Earth would Joves no more
Beare, if thou rising didst them not restore:

A silly Tombe should not his Flesh enclose,
Who did Heavens trembling Tarasses dispose;
No Monument should such a Jewell hold,
No Rock, though Ruby, Diamond, and Gold.
Thou didst lament and pitty humane Race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given Grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden *Rebells when we were accurst.*
Then Earth our portion was, Earths Joyes but given,
Earth and Earths Blisse thou hast exchang'd with heaven.
O what a hight of good upon us streames
From the great splendor of thy Bounties Beames?
When we deserv'd shame, horrour, flames of wrath,
Thou bledst our wounds, and suffer didst our Death,
But Fathers Justice pleas'd, Hell, Death o'recome,
In triumph now thou risest from thy Tombe,
With Glories which past Sorrows countervaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Hence humble sense, and hence ye Guides of sense,
We now reach Heaven, your weake intelligence
And searching Pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
To learne from all Eternity, that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His Bearers Parent) in a Virgins Wombe;
But then when sold betray'd crown'd, scourg'd with Thorn,
Nail'd to a Tree, all breathlesse, bloudlesse, corne,
Entomb'd, him risen from a Grave to find,
Confounds your Cunning, turnes, like Moles, you blind.
Death thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other Birth eate up and waste,
Imperious, hatefull, pitilesse, unjust,
Unpartiall equaller of all with dust,
Sterne Executioner of heavenly doome,
Made fruitfull, now Lifes Mother art become,
A sweet relefe of Cares the Soule molest,
An Harbinger to Glory, Peace and Rest,

Put off thy mourning Weeds, yeeld all thy Gall
To dayly sinning Life, proud of thy fall,
Assemble all thy Captives, haste to rise,
And every Coarse in Earth-quakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry Grave, and rocky Jaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

The World that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our Joyes, thy Victory,
To a young Prime Essayes to turne againe,
And as ere foyl'd with Sin yet to remaine,
Her chilling Agues she begins to misse,
All Blisse returning with the Lord of Blisse.
With greater light Heavens Temples opened shine,
Morns smiling rise, Even blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous Winds are calme,
Soft Zephyres do the Fields with sighs embalme,
In silent calmes the Sea hath husht his Roares,
And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the Shoares:
All-bearing Earth like a new-married Queene,
Her Beauties hightens, in a Gown of Greene
Perfumes the Aire, her Meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various figures, smelling, pow'rs,
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavy Locks,
Her Hills enamell'd stand, the Vales, the Rocks
Ring peales of Joy, her Floods and pratling Brookes,
(Stars liquid Mirrors) with serpenting Crooks,
And whispering murmures, sound unto the Maine,
The Golden Age returned is againe.
The honey People leave their golden Bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding Flow'rs,
In gloomy Shades perch't on the tender Sprayes
The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:
Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diversly do sound,
Yet all their diverse Notes hath but one ground,
Re-eccho'd here-downe from Heavens azure Vaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

O Day on which Deaths Adamantine Chaine
The Lord did breake, did ranſack Satans *Raigne,*
And in triumphing Pompe his Trophees rear'd,
Be thou bleſt ever, henceforth ſtill endear'd
With Name of his own Day, the Law to Grace,
Types to their ſubſtance yeeld, to thee give place
The old New-Moons, with all feſtivall Daies,
And what above the reſt deſerveth praiſe
The reverend Sabaoth, *what could elſe they be*
Than golden Heraulds, telling what by thee
We ſhould enjoy? Shades paſt, now ſhine thou cleare,
And henceforth be thou Empreſſe of the yeare,
This Glory of thy Siſters Sex to win,
From worke on thee, as other Daies from Sin,
That Mankind ſhall forbeare, in every place
The Prince of Planets warmeth in his race;
And far beyond his paths in frozen Climes
And may thou be ſo bleſt to out-date Times,
That when Heavens Quire ſhall blaze in Accents loud
The many Mercies of their ſoveraigne Good,
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell deſtroy,
It may be ſtill the Burthen of their Joy.

BEneath a ſable vaile, and Shadows deep,
Of unacceſſible and dimming light,
In ſilence Ebon clouds more black than Night,
The Worlds great Mind his ſecrets hid doth keep:
Through thoſe thick Miſts when any mortall Wight
Aſpires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weep
To pry, and in his Myſteries to creep,
With Thunders he and Lightnings blaſts their Sight.
O Sun inviſible, that doſt abide
Within thy bright abyſmes, moſt faire, moſt darke,
Where with thy proper Raies thou doſt thee hide,
O ever-ſhining, never full-ſeene marke,
To guide me in Lifes Night, thy light me ſhow,
The more I ſearch of thee, the leſſe I know.

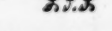
IF with ſuch paſſing Beauty, choice Delights,
The Architect of this great Round did frame,
This Pallace viſible, ſhort liſts of Fame,
And ſilly Manſion but of dying Wights;
How many Wonders, what amazing lights
Muſt that triumphing Seat of Glory claime,
That doth tranſcend all this Alls vaſte hights,
Of whoſe bright Sun ours here is but a beame?
O bleſt abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where viſibly th' Inviſible doth raigne,
Bleſt People which do ſee true Beauties Face,
With whoſe far Shadows ſcarce he Earth doth daigne:
All Joy is but Annoy, all Concord Strife,
Match'd with your endleſſe Bliſſe and happy life.

Love

LOve which is here a care,
That Wit and Will doth mar,
Uncertaine Truce and a moſt certaine War,
A ſhrill tempeſtuous Wind,
Which doth diſturbe the Mind,
And like wild Waves all our deſignes commove;
Among thoſe Pow'rs above,
Which ſee their Makers Face,
It a contentment is, a quiet Peace,
A Pleaſure void of Griefe, a conſtant reſt,
Eternall Joy, which nothing can moleſt.

THat ſpace where curled Waves do now divide
From the great Continent our happy Iſle,
Was ſometime Land, and now where Ships do glide,
Once with laborious Art the Plough did toyle:
Once thoſe faire Bounds ſtretcht out ſo far and wide,
Where Towns, no Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,
Were all ignoble Sea and mariſh vile,
Where *Protæus* Flocks danc'd meaſures to the Tide
So Age transforming all ſtill forward runs,
No wonder though the Earth doth change her Face,
New Manners, Pleaſures new, turne with new Suns,
Locks now like Gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, Minds rare ſhape doth change, that lies deſpis'd
Which was ſo deare of late and highly priz'd.

THis World a Hunting is,
The Prey poore Man, the Nimrod *fierce is Death,*
His speedy Greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickneſſe, Envy, Care,
Strife that ne're falls amiſs,
With all thoſe ills which haunt us while we breath.
Now, if by chance we flie
Of theſe the eager chace,
Old Age with ſtealing pace
Caſts in his Nets, and there we panting die.



VVHy (Worldlings) do ye truſt fraile Honours dreames?
And leane to guilted Glories which decay?
Why do ye toyle to regiſtrate your Names
On Ycie Pillars, which ſoon melt away?
True Honour is not here, that place it claimes
Where black-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no far-ſhining lampe dives in the Sea,
But an eternall Sun ſpreads laſting Beames;
There, it attendeth you, where ſpotleſſe Bands
Of Sp'rits ſtand gazing on their ſoveraigne Bliſſe,
Where yeares not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, leſt he your weakned Wit make thrall,
Who *Edens* fooliſh Gard'ner earſt made fall.

As

AS are thoſe Apples, pleaſant to the Eye,
But full of ſmoake within, which uſe to grow
Neere that ſtrange Lake where God powr'd from the Skie
Huge ſhow'rs of flames, worſe flames to overthrow:
Such are their works that with a glaring Show
Of humble holineſſe, in Vertues dye
Would colour miſchiefe, while within they glow
With coales of Sin, though none the Smoake deſcry.
Bad is that Angell that earſt fell from Heaven,
But not ſo bad as he, nor in worſe caſe
Who hides a trait'rous mind with ſmiling face,
And with a Doves white feathers cloaths a Raven:
Each Sin ſome colour hath it to adorne,
Hypocriſie All-mighty God doth ſcorne.

NEw doth the Sun appeare,
The Mountaines Snows decay,
Crown'd with fraile flow'rs forth comes the Infant yeare;
My Soule, Time poſts away,
And thou yet in that froſt
Which Flow'r and fruit hath loſt,
As if all here immortall were doſt ſtay:
For ſhame thy Powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never Night makes blacke,
And there at that immortall Suns bright Raies,
Deck thee with Flow'rs which feare not rage of Daies.

Thrice

THrice happy he who by ſome ſhady Grove,
Far from the clamorous World, doth live his own,
Though ſolitary, who is not alone,
But doth converſe with that eternall Love:
O how more ſweet is Birds harmonious Moane,
Or the hoarſe Sobbings of the widow'd Dove,
Than thoſe ſmooth whiſperings neer a Princes Throne,
Which Good make doubtfull do the evill approve?
O how more ſweet is Zephyres wholeſome Breath,
And Sighs embalm'd, which new-born Flow'rs unfold,
Than that applauſe vaine Honour doth bequeath?
How ſweet are Streames to poyſon dranke in Gold?
The World is full of Horrours, Troubles, Slights,
Woods harmeleſſe Shades have only true Delights.

SWeet Bird, that ſing'ſt away the early Houres,
Of Winters paſt, or comming void of Care,
Well pleaſed with Delights which preſent are,
Faire Seaſons, budding Sprayes, ſweet-ſmelling Flow'rs:
To Rocks, to Springs, to Rills, from leavy Bow'rs
Thou thy Creators Goodneſſe doſt declare,
And what deare Gifts on thee he did not ſpare,
A ſtaine to humane ſenſe in Sin that low'rs.
What Soule can be ſo ſick, which by thy Songs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſſe) ſweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earths turmoiles, ſpights, and Wrongs,
And lift a reverend Eye and Thought to Heaven?
Sweet Artleſſe Songſter, thou my Mind doſt raiſe
To Ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels Layes.

As

AS when it hapneth that ſome lovely Town
Unto a barbarous Beſieger falls,
Who both by Sword and Flame himſelfe enſtalls,
And (ſhameleſſe) it in Teares and Bloud doth drown;
Her Beauty ſpoyl'd, her Citizens made Thralls,
His ſpight yet cannot ſo her all throw down,
But that ſome *Statue*, Pillar of renown,
Yet lurkes unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
So after all the *S*poile, Diſgrace and Wrack,
That Time, the World, and Death could bring combin'd,
Amidſt that Maſſe of Ruines they did make,
Safe and all ſcarleſſe yet remaines my Mind:
From this ſo high tranſcendent Rapture ſprings,
That I, all elſe defac'd, not envy Kings.

LEt us each day enure our ſelves to dye,
If this (and not our feares) be truly Death,
Above the Circles both of Hope and Faith
With faire immortall Pinnions to flie;
If this be Death, our beſt Part to untye
(By ruining the Jaile) from Luſt and Wrath,
And every drowſie languor here beneath,
To be made deniz'd Citizen of *Skie*:
To have more knowledge than all Books containe,
All Pleaſures even ſurmounting wiſhing Pow'r,
The fellowſhip of Gods immortall Traine,
And theſe that Time nor force ſhall e're devoure?
If this be Death, What Joy, what golden care
Of Life, can with Deaths ougline ſſe compare?

Amidſt

AMidſt the azure cleare
Of Jordans ſacred Streames,
Jordan of Libanon the off-ſpring deare,
When Zephires flow'rs vneloſe,
And Sun ſhines with new Beames,
With grave and ſtately grace a Nymph aroſe.
Upon her Head ſhe ware
Of Amaranthes a Crown,
Her left hand Palmes, her right a Torch did beare,
Vnvail'd Skins whiteneſs lay,
Gold haires in Curles hang down,
Eyes ſparkled Joy, more bright than Star of Day.
The Flood a Throne her rear'd
Of Waves, moſt like that Heaven
Where beaming Stars in Glory turne enſphear'd:
The Aire ſtood calme and cleare,
No Sigh by Winds was given,
Birds left to ſing, Heards feed, her voice to heare.
World-wandring ſorry Wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within theſe varying liſts of Daies and Nights,
Whoſe life (ere known amiſs)
In glittering Griefes is ſpent,
Come learne (ſaid ſhe) what is your choiſeſt Bliſs.
From Toyle and preſſing Cares
How ye may reſpit find,
A Sanctuary from Soule-thralling Snares,
A Port to harbour ſure
In ſpight of waves and wind,
Which ſhall when Times ſwift Glaſs is run endure.

Not

Not happy is that Life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a Sea of feares, a Field of ſtrife,
Charg'd on a Throne to ſit
With Diadems of Gold,
Preſerv'd by Force, and ſtill obſerv'd by Wit;
Huge Treaſures to enjoy,
Of all her Gems ſpoyle Inde,
All Seres *ſilke in Garments to imploy,*
Deliciouſly to feed,
The Phœnix plumes to find
To reſt upon, or deck your purple Bed.
Fraile Beauty to abuſe,
And (wanton Sybarites*)*
On paſt or preſent touch of ſenſe to muſe;
Never to heare of Noiſe
But what the Eare delights,
Sweet Muſicks charmes, or charming flatterers voice.
Nor can it Pliſs you bring,
Hid Natures Depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each forme doth ſpring,
Nor that your Fame ſhould range,
And after-Worlds it blow
From Tanais *to* Nile, *from* Nile *to* Gange.
All theſe have not the Pow'r
To free the Mind from feares,
Nor hideous horrour can allay one houre,
When Death in ſtealth doth glance;
In Sickneſs lurks or yeares,
And wakes the Soule from out her mortall Trance.
No, but bleſt life is this,
With chaſte and pure Deſire
To turne unto the load-ſtar of all Bliſs,
On God the Mind to reſt,
Burnt up with ſacred Fire,
Poſſeſſing him to be by him poſſeſt.

When

When to the bathing East
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly West,
And raviſheth the Day,
With ſpotleſſe Hands and Heart,
Him cheerefully to praiſe and to him pray.
To heed each action ſo,
As ever in his ſight,
More fearing doing Ill than paſſive woe;
Not to ſeeme other thing
Than what ye are aright,
Never to do what may Repentance bring:
Not to be blown with Pride,
Nor mov'd at Glories breath,
Which Shadow-like on wings of Time doth glide;
So Malice to diſarme,
And conquer haſty Wrath,
As to do good to thoſe that worke your harme:
To hatch no baſe Deſires,
Or Gold or Land to gaine,
Well pleas'd with that which Vertue faire acquires,
To have the Wit and Will
Conſorting in one Straine,
Than what is good to have no higher skill.
Never on Neighbours Goods,
With Cocatrices Eye
To looke, nor make anothers Heaven your Hell;
Nor to be Beauties Thrall,
All fruitleſſe Love to flie,
Yet loving ſtill a Love tranſcendeot all:
A Love which while it burnes
The Soule with faireſt Beames,
To that increated Sun the Soule it turnes,
And makes ſuch Beauty prove,
That (if Senſe ſaw her Glimmes.)
All lookers on would pine and die for love.

Who

Who ſuch a life doth live,
You happy even may call
Ere ruthleſſe Death a wiſhed end him give,
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, Earth, enjoying Angels, Heaven.
Swift is your mortall Race,
And glaſſie is the Field,
Vaſte are Deſires not limited by Grace,
Life a weake Taper is,
Then while it light doth yeeld
Leave flying Joyes, embrace this laſting Bliſſe.
This when the Nymph had ſaid,
Shee div'd within the Flood,
Whoſe Face with ſmyling Curles long after ſtaid,
Then Sighs did Zephyres preſſe,
Birds ſang from every Wood,
And Ecchoes rang, this was true Happineſſe.

An Hymne on the Faireſt Faire.

I Feele my Boſome glow with wontleſſe Fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar preſſe my Mind aſpires
(Wing'd with high Thoughts) unto his praiſe to clime,
From deep Eternity who call'd forth Time,
That Eſſence which not mov'd makes each thing move,
Uncreate Beauty all-creating Love;
But by ſo great an object, radiant light,
My Heart appall'd, enfeebled reſts my Sight,
Thick Clouds benight my labouring Ingine,
And at my high attempts my Wits repine:
If thou in me this ſacred heat haſt wrought,
My Knowledge ſharpen, Sarcells lend my Thought:

Grant

Grant me (Times Father, world-containing King)
A Pow'r of thee in pow'rfull Laies to sing,
That as thy Beauty in Earth lives, Heaven shines,
It dawning may or shadow in my Lines.
As far beyond the starry walls of Heaven,
As is the loftiest of the Planets seven
Sequestred from this Earth, in purest light
Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable Night,
Thou all-sufficient, Omnipotent,
Thou ever-glorious, most excellent,
God various in Names, in Essence one,
High art enstalled on a golden Throne,
Out-stretching Heavens, wide bespangled vault,
Transcending all the Circles of our Thought,
With diamantine Scepter in thy Hand,
There thou giv'st Laws, and dost this World command,
This World of Concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a Ball lies prostrate at thy Feet.
If so we may well say (and what we say
Here wrapt in flesh, led by dim Reasons ray,
To show by earthly Beauties which we see
That spiritnall Excellence that shines in thee,
God Lord forgive) not far from thy right Side,
With curled Locks Youth *ever doth abide,*
Rose-cheeked Youth *who gar'landed with Flow'rs,*
Still blooming, ceaselessely unto thee pow'rs
Immortall Nectar in a cup of Gold,
That by no darts of Ages thou grow old;
And as ends and beginnings thee not claime,
Successionlesse that thou be still the same.
Neare to thy other side resistlesse Might,
From Head to Foot in burnisht Armour dight,
That rings about him, with a waving Brand,
And watchfull Eye, great Sentinell doth stand;
That neither Time nor force in ought impaire
Thy Workmanship, nor harme thine Empire faire,

Soone

Soone to give Death to all againe that would
Sterne Discord *raise which thou destroy'd of old,*
Discord *that foe to order, Nurse of War,*
By which the noblest things demolisht are,
But (caitife) she no Treason doth devise,
When Might *to nought doth bring her enterprise;*
Thy all-upholding Might *her Malice raines,*
And her to Hell throws bound in iron Chaines.
With Locks in waves of Gold that ebbe and flow
On Ivory neck, in Robes more white than Snow,
Truth *stedfastly before thee holds a Glasse,*
Indent'd with Gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere ought was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy Pow'r with time forth brought,
And more, things numberlesse which thou couldst make,
That actually shall never being take,
Here thou beholdst thy selfe, and (strange) dost prove
At once the Beauty, Lover *and the Love.*
With Faces two (like Sisters) sweetly faire;
Whose Blossomes no rough Autumne can impaire,
Stands Providence, *and doth her looks disperse,*
Through every Corner of this Universe,
Thy Providence, *at once which generall things*
And singular doth rule, as Empires Kings,
Without whose care this world (lost) would remaine,
As Ship without a Master in the Maine,
As Chariot alone, as Bodies prove
Depriv'd of Soules, whereby they be, live, move.
But who are they which shine thy Throne so neare?
With sacred countenance, and look severe,
This in one hand a ponderous Sword doth hold,
Her left staies charg'd with Ballances of Gold,
That with, Brows girt with Bays, sweet-smiling Face,
Doth beare a Brandon, with a babish grace
Two milke-white Wings him easily do move,
O she thy Justice *is, and this thy* Love!

By this thou brought'st this Engine great to light,
By that it fram'd in Number, Measure, Weight,
That destine doth reward to ill and good;
But Sway of Justice *is by* Love *withstood,*
Which did it not relent and mildly stay,
This World ere now had found its funerall Day.
What Bands (enclustred) ntare to these abide,
Which into vaste Infinity *them hide?*
Infinity *that neither doth admit,*
Place, Time, nor Number to encroach on it:
Here Bounty *sparkleth, here doth* Beauty *shine,*
Simplicity, more white than Gelsomine,
Mercy *with open wings, aye-varied* Blisse,
Glory, *and* Joy, *that* Blisses *darling is.*
Ineffable, all-pow'rfull God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee,
No Joy, no, nor Perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this Worlds great Frame,
Ere Sun, Moon, Starr began their restlesse race,
Ere painted was with light Heavens pure Face,
Ere Aire had Cl ulds, ere Clouds wept down their show'rs,
Ere Sea embraced Earth, ere Earth bare Flow'rs,
Thou happy liv'dst; World nought to thee supply'd,
All in thy selfe thy selfe thou satisfi'd:
Of Good no slender Shadow doth appeare,
No age-worne tracke, which shin'd in thee not cleare,
Perfections Sum, prime-cause of every Cause,
Midst, end, beginning where all good doth passe:
Hence of thy Substance, differing in nought
Thou in Eternity thy Son forth brought,
The only Birth of thy unchanging Mind,
Thine Image, Pattern-like that ever shin'd,
Light out of Light, begotten not by Will
But Nature, all and that same Essence still
Which thou thy selfe: for thou dost nought possesse
Which he hath not, in ought nor is he lesse

Than

Than Thee his great Begetter; of this Light,
Eternall, Double kindled was thy Spright
Eternally, who is with Thee the same,
All-holy Gift, Embassadour, Knot, Flame:
Most sacred Triad, O most holy One,
Unprocreate Father, ever-procreate Son,
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are still, shall be,
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Uncomprehensible by reachlesse Hight,
And unperceived by excessive Light.
So in our Soules three and yet one are still,
The Understanding, Memory, and Will;
So (though unlike) the Planet of the Daiet
Soe soone as he was made begat his Raies,
Which are his Off-spring, and from both was hurld,
The rosie Light which consolates the World,
And none fore-went another: so the spring,
The Well-head, and the Streame which they forth bring,
Are but one selfe-same Essence, nor in ought
Do differ, save in order, and our Thought
No chime of Time discernes in them to fall,
But Three distinctly 'bide one Essence all.
But these expresse not Thee, who can declare
Thy being? Men and Angels dazel'd are.
Who would this Eden force with wit or sense,
A Cherubin shall find to bar him thence.
Great Architect, Lord of this Universe,
That light is blinded would thy Greatnesse pierce,
Ah! as a Pilgrim who the Alpes doth passe,
Or Atlas Temples crown'd with winter glasse,
The ayry Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenes clifts where Sun doth never shine,
When he some craggy Hills hath over-went,
Begins to thinke on rest, his Journey spent,
Till mounting some tall Mountaine he do find,
More hights before him than he left behind:

With halting pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded limits of thy Praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o're-run,
But now I see how scarce I have begun,
With Wonders new my Spirits range possest,
And wandring wayless in a maze them rest.

In these vaste Fields of Light, etheriall Plaines,
Thou art attended by immortall Traines
Of Intellectuall Pow'rs, which thou broughtst forth
To praise thy Goodnesse, and admire thy Worth,
In numbers passing others Creatures far,
Since Creatures most noble manifest are,
Which do in knowledge us not lesse out-run:
Than Moon in light doth Stars, or Moon the Sun,
Unlike, in Orders rang'd and many a Band,
(If Beauty in Disparity doth stand)
Arch-angels, Angels, Cherubs, Seraphines,
And what with name of Thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling Princes, Dominations, Pow'rs,
All-acting Vertues of those flaming Tow'rs;
These freed of Umbrage, these of Labour free,
Rest ravished with still beholding Thee,
Inflam'd with Beames which sparkle from thy Face,
They can no more desire, far lesse embrace.

Low under them, with slow and staggering pace
Thy Hand-maid Nature thy great Steps doth trace,
The Source of second Causes golden Chaine
That links this Frame as thou it doth ordaine;
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious Eye,
That Earthlings oft her deem'd a Deity.
By Nature led those Bodies faire and great,
Which faint not in their Course, nor change their State,
Uniter mixt, which no disorder prove,
Though aye and contrary they alwaies move,
The Organs of thy Providence divine,
Books ever open, Signs that clearely shine,

Times

Times purpled Makers, then do them advance,
As by sweet Musick in a measur'd dance;
Stars, Hoste of Heaven, ye Firmaments bright Flow'rs,
Cleare Lamps which overhang this Stage of ours,
Ye turne not there to deck the Weeds of Night,
Nor Pageant-like to please the vulgar Sight;
Great Causes sure ye must bring great Effects,
But who can descant right your grave Aspects?
He only who Ton made decipher can
Your Notes, Heavens Eyes ye blind the Eyes of Man.
Amidst these Saphir far-extending Hights,
The never-twinkling, ever-wandring Lights
Their fixed Motions keep, one dry and cold,
Deep-Leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With Rule and Line for Times steps meting even
In twice three Lustres he but turnes his Heaven.
With temperate qualities and Countenance faire,
Still mildly smiling sweetly debonaire,
Another cheares the World, and way doth make
In twice sixe Autumnes through the Zodiack.
But hot and dry with flaming Locks and Brows
Enrag'd, this in his red Pavillion glows:
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands atchieve their race,
With blushing Face this oft doth bring the Day,
And ushers oft to stately Stars the way,
That various in vertue, changing, light,
With his small flame impearles the vaile of Night.
Prince of this Court, the Sun in triumph rides,
With the Yeare Snake-like in her selfe that glides,
Times Dispensator, faire life-giving Source,
Through Skies twelve Posts as he doth run his course,
Heart of this All, of what is known to sence,
The likest to his Makers excellence,
In whose diurnall motion doth appeare
A Shadow, no true pourtrait of the Yeare.

The Moone moves lowest, silver Sun of Night,
Dispersing through the World her borrow'd light,
Who in three formes her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant Change.
Sad Queen of Silence, I ne're see thy Face,
To waxe, or waine, or shine with a full grace,
But straight (amaz'd) on Man I think, each Day
His state who changeth, or if he find Stay,
It is in dolefull anguish, cares, and paines.
And of his Labours Death is all the Gaines?
Immortall Monarch can so fond a Thought
Lodge in my Breast? as to trust thou first brought
Here in Earths shady Cloyster wretched Man,
To suck the Aire of Woe, to spend Lifes span
'Midst Sighs and Plaints, a Stranger unto Mirth,
To give himselfe his Death rebucking Birth?
By sense and wit of Creatures made King,
By sense and wit to live their Underling?
And what is worst, have Eaglets eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of Blisse, the Place, if he might thereto clime,
And wot live thralled to imperious Time?
Or (dotard) shall I so from Reason swerve,
To dim those Lights which to our use deserve,
(For thou dost not them need) more nobly fram'd
Than us that know their course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne're thinke but we did them surpasse
As far as they do Asterisms of Glasse,
When thou us made, by Treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate we live exil'd,
Wandring this Earth, which is of Death the Lot,
Where he doth use the Pow'r which he hath got,
Indifferent Empire unto Clowns and Kings,
The supreame Monarch of all mortall things.
When first this flowry Orbe was to us given,
I but in place disvalu'd was to Heaven;

These

These Creatures which now our Soveraignes are,
And as to Rebels do denounce us war,
Then were our Vassals, no tumultuous Storme,
No Thunders, Earthquakes, did her Formes deforme,
The Seas in tumbling Mountaines did not roare,
But like moist Christall whispered on the Shoare,
No Snake did trace her Meads, nor ambusht lowre
In azure Curles beneath the sweet-Spring Flow'r;
The Night shade, Henbane, Napell, Aconite,
Her Bowels then not bare, with Death to smite
Her guiltlesse Brood; thy Messengers of Grace,
As their high Rounds did haunt this lower Place;
O Joy of Joyes! with our first Parents Thou
To commune then didst daigne, as Friends do now:
Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each Creature rebelled against us,
Earth, reft of what did chiefe in her excell,
To all became a Jaile, to most a Hell
In Times full Terme untill thy Son was given,
Who Man with Thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heaven.
Whole and entire all in thy Selfe thou art,
All-where diffus'd, yet of this All no part,
For infinite, in making this faire Frame
(Great without Quantity) in all thou came,
And filling all, how can thy State admit,
Or Place or Substance to be void of it?
Were Worlds as many, as the Rayes which streame
From Daies bright lampe, or madding Wits do dreame,
They would not reele in ought, nor wandring stray,
But draw to Thee, who could their Centers stay;
Were but one houre this World disjoyn'd from thee,
It in one houre to nought reduc'd should be,
For it thy Shadow is, and can they last
If sever'd from the Substances them cast?
O only blest, and Author of all Blisse,
No, Blist it selfe, that all-where wished is,

Efficient, exemplary, finall Good,
Of thine own Selfe but only understood;
Light is thy Curtaine, thou art Light of Light,
An ever-waking Eye still shining bright,
In-looking all, exempt of passive Pow'r,
And change, in change since Deaths pale shade doth low'r:
All Times to thee are one, that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the Sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act, what past is, or to be;
Day-livers we remembrance do lose
Of Ages worne, so Miseries us tosse
(Blind and lethargick of thy heavenly Grace,
Which Sin in our first Parents did deface,
And even while Embrions curst by justest doome)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come,
But thou in thy great Archives scrolled hast
In parts and whole, what ever yet hath past,
Since first the marble Wheels of Time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same thy Day and Yesterday,
An undivided Now, *a constant* Ay.

O King whose Greatnesse none can comprehend,
Whose boundlesse Goodnesse doth to all extend,
Light of all Beauty, Ocean without ground,
That standing fowest, giving dost abound,
Rich Pallace, and Endweller ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in Rest;
What wit cannot conceive, words say of Thee,
Here where we as but in a Mirrour see,
Shadows of shadows, Atomes of thy Might,
Still owly-eyed when staring on thy Light;
Grant that released from this earthly Jaile,
And freed from Clouds which here our Knowledge vaile,
In Heavens high Temples where thy Praises ring,
In sweeter Notes I may heare Angels sing.

Great

GReat God, whom we with humbled Thoughts adore,
Eternall, Infinite, Almighty King,
Whose Dwellings Heaven transcend, whose Throns before
Archangels serve, and Seraphines do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wondring Eyes
We do behold within this various Round,
Who makes the Rocks to rocke, to stand the Skies,
At whose command Clouds peales of Thunder sound.
Ah! spare us Wormes, weigh not how we alas
(Evill to our selves) against thy Laws rebell,
Wash off those spots which still in Conscience Glasse
(Though we be loath to look) we see too well.
Deserv'd Revenge, oh do not do not take,
If thou revenge who shall abide thy Blow?
Passe shall this World, this World which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy Trumpet blow:
What Soule is found whom Parents Crime not staines?
Or what with its own Sins defil'd is not?
Though Iustice Rigor threaten, yet her Raines
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.
Lesse are our Faults far far than is thy Love,
O what can better seeme thy Grace divine,
Than they who plagues deserve, thy Bounty prove,
And where thou show'r mayst Vengeance, there to shine?
Then look and pitty, pitying forgive
Us guilty Slaves, or Servants now in thrall;
Slaves, if alas thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all?
Of an ungratefull Mind a foule Effect;
But if thy Gifts which largely heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd thou dost respect,
We are thy Servants, nay, than Servants more,

Thy

Thy Children, yes, and Children dearely bought,
But what strange Chance us of this Lot bereaves?
Poore worthlesse Wights how lowly are we brought,
Whom Grace once Children made, Sin hath made Slaves?
Sin hath made Slaves, but let those Bands Grace breake,
That in our Wrongs thy Mercies may appeare,
Thy Wisdome not so meane is, Pow'r so weake,
But thousand waies they can make Worlds thee feare.
O Wisdome boundlesse! O miraculous Grace!
Grace, Wisdome which make winke dimme Reasons Eye,
And could Heavens King bring from his placelesse Place,
On this ignoble Stage of Care to dye:
To dye our Death, and with the sacred Streame
Of Blood and Water gushing from his Side,
To make us cleane of that contagious Blame,
First on us brought by our first Parents Pride.
Thus thy great Love and Pity (heavenly King)
Love, Pity which so well our Loss prevent,
Of Evill it selfe (loe) could all Goodnes bring,
And sad beginning cheare with glad event.
O Love and Pity! ill known of these Times,
O Love and Pity! carefull of our need,
O Bounties! which our horrid Acts and Crimes
(Grown numberless) contend neare to exceed.
Make this excessive ardour of thy love,
So warme our Coldnes, so our Lifes renew,
That we from Sin, Sin may from us remove.
Wisdome our Will, Faith may our Wit subdue.
Let thy pure Love burne up all worldly Lust,
Hells candid Poyson killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in Toyes, adore fraile Dust
Instead of Thee, in Temple of our Heart.
Grant when at last our Soules these Bodies leave,
Their loathsome Shops of sin and Mansions blind,
And Dome before thy Royall Seat receive,
A Saviour more than Judge they thee may find.

THE

THE WANDRING MUSES:

OR,

The River of

FORTH FEASTING:

IT BEING

A Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince, *James*, King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

BY

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

Of HAVVTHORNDEN.

LONDON,

Printed in the Yeare, 1656.

To His Sacred Majesty.

IF in this Storme of joy and pompous Throng,
This Nymph (great King) doth come to Thee so neare
That thy harmonious Eares Her accents heare,
Give Pardon to Her hoarse and lowly Song:
Faine would shee Trophees to Thy Vertues reare;
But for this stately taske She is not strong,
And her Defects Her high Attempts do wrong,
Yet as she could She makes thy Worth appeare.
So in a Map is shown this flowry Place;
So wrought in Arras by a Virgins Hand
With Heaven and blazing Stars doth Atlas *stand,*
So drawn by Char-coale is Narcissus *Face:*
She like the Morn may be to some bright Sun,
The Day to perfect that's by her begun.

The

The River of FORTH FEASTING:

A Panegyrick to the High and Mighty Prince, *James*, King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*.

VVHat bluſtring Noiſe now interrupts my Sleeps?
What ecchoing Shouts thus cleave my chriſtall Deeps?
And ſeems to call me from my watry Court?
What Melody, what ſounds of Joy and Sport,
Are convey'd hither from each Night-borne Spring?
With what loud Rumours do the Mountaines ring?
Which in unuſuall Pompe on tip-toes ſtand,
And (full of Wonder) overlook the Land?
Whence come theſe glitt'ring Throngs, theſe Meteors bright,
This golden People glancing in my ſight?
Whence doth this Praiſe, Applauſe, and Love, ariſe?
What Load-ſtar Eaſt-ward draweth thus all Eyes?
Am I awake? Or have ſome Dreames conſpir'd
To mock my Senſe with what I moſt deſir'd?
View I that living Face, ſee I thoſe Looks,
Which with Delight were wont t'amaze my Brooks?
Do I behold that Worth, that Man divine,
This Ages Glory, by theſe Bankes of mine?

Then

Then find I true what long I wish'd in vaine;
My much beloved Prince is come againe;
So unto them whose Zenith is the Pole,
When six black Months are past, the Sun doth roll:
So after Tempest to Sea-tossed Wights
Faire *Helens* Brothers show their clearing Lights:
So comes *Arabias* wonder from her Woods,
And far far off is seen by *Memphis* Flouds,
The feather'd *Sylvans*; Cloud-like by her flie,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the Skie,
Nyle marvels, *Serapi* Priests (entranced) rave,
And in *Mygdonian* stone her Shape ingrave;
In lasting Cedars they do marke the Time
In which *Apollos* Bird came to their Clime.
Let Mother Earth now deckt with Flow'rs be seen,
And sweet-breath'd *Zephyres* curle the Meadows green:
Let Heaven weep Rubies in a Crimson show'r,
Such as on *Indies* Shores they use to poure:
Or with that golden Storme the Fields adorne,
Which *Jove* rain'd when his Blew-ey'd Maid was born.
May never Hours the Web of Day out-weave,
May never Night rise from her sable Cave.
Swell proud my Billows, faint not to declare
Your Joyes as ample as their Causes are:
For Murmurs hoarse, sound like *Arions* Harpe,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you my Nymphs, rise from your moist Repaire,
Strow all your Springs and Grots with Lillies faire:
Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
Our Flouds and Lakes come keep this Holy-day;
What e're beneath *Albanias* Hills do run,
Which see the rising, or the setting Sun,
Which drinke sterne *Grampius* Mists, or *Ochels* Snows:
Stone-rowling *Tay*, *Tine* Tortoise-like that flows,
The pearly *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,
Wild *Nevern*, which doth see our longest Day;

Nesse

Neſſe ſmoaking-Sulphur, *Leave* with Mountains crown'd
Strange *Lowmond* for his floating Iſles renown'd:
The Iriſh *Rian*, *Ken*, the ſilver *Aire*,
The ſnaky *Dun*, the *Ore* with ruſhy Haire,
The chriſtall-ſtreaming *Nid*, loud-bellowing *Clyde*,
Tweed which no more our Kingdomes ſhall divide:
Ranke-ſwelling *Annan*, *Lid* with curled ſtreames,
The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they loſe their Names,
To ev'ry one proclaime our Joyes, and Feaſts,
Our Triumphs; bid all come and be our Gueſts:
And as they meet in *Neptunes* azure Hall,
Bid them bid Sea-Gods keep this Feſtivall;
This Day ſhall by our Currents be renown'd,
Our Hills about ſhall ſtill this Day reſound:
Nay, that our Love more to this Day appeare,
Let us with it henceforth begin our yeare.

To Virgins, Flow'rs, to Sun-burnt Earth, the Raine,
To Mariners faire Winds amidſt the Maine,
Coole Shades to Pilgrims, which hot Glances burne,
Are not ſo pleaſing as thy bleſt Returne.
That Day (deare Prince) which rob'd us of thy ſight,
[Day, no, but Darkneſſe, and a duſky Night]
Did fill our Breſts with Sighs, our Eyes with Teares,
Turn'd Minutes to ſad Months, ſad Months to Yeares:
Trees left to flouriſh, Meadows to beare Flow'rs,
Brooks hid their Heads within their ſedgie Bow'rs,
Faire *Ceres* curſt our Fields with barren Froſt,
As if againe ſhe had her Daughter loſt:
The Muſes left our Groves, and for ſweet Songs
Sate ſadly ſilent, or did weep their wrongs;
You know it Meads, you murmuring Woods it know,
Hills, Dales, and Caves, Copartners of their Woe;
And you it know, my Streames, which from their Eine
Oft on your Glaſſe receiv'd their pearly Brine;
O *Naids* deare (ſaid they) *Napæas* faire,
O Nymphs of Trees, Nymphs which on Hills repaire,

Gone are those maiden Glories, gone that State,
Which made all Eyes admire our Bliſſe of late.
As looks the Heaven when never Star appeares,
But ſlow and weary ſhrowd them in their Spheares,
While *Tithons* wife emboſom'd by Him lies,
And World doth languiſh in a mournfull Guiſe:
As looks a Garden of its Beauty ſpoyl'd,
As Woods in Winter by rough *Boreas* foyl'd,
As Pourtraits raz'd of Colours uſe to be:
So look'd theſe abject Bounds deprived of Thee.
While as my Rills enjoy'd Thy royall Gleames,
They did not envy *Tibers* haughty Streames,
Nor wealthy *Tagus* with his golden Ore,
Nor cleare *Hydaſpes* which on Pearles doth roare,
Nor golden *Ganges* that ſees the Sun new borne,
Nor *Achelous* with his flowry Horne,
Nor Flouds which neare *Elyſian* Fields do fall:
For why? Thy ſight did ſerve to them for all.
No Place there is ſo deſart, ſo alone,
Even from the frozen to the *Torrid Zone*,
From flaming *Hecla* to great *Quinceys* Lake,
Which Thy abode could not moſt happy make;
All thoſe Perfections which by bounteous Heaven
To divers Worlds in divers Times were given,
The ſtarry Senate powr'd at once on Thee,
That thou Exemplar mightſt to others be.
Thy Life was kept till the three Siſters ſpun
Their threads of Gold, and then it was begun.
With chequer'd Clouds when Skies do look moſt faire,
And no diſord'red Blaſts diſturb the Aire,
When Lillies do them deck in azure Gowns;
And new-borne Roſes bluſh with golden Crowns,
To prove how calme we under Thee ſhould live,
What *Halcyonean* Dayes Thy Reigne ſhould give,
And to two flowry Diadems Thy right;
The Heavens Thee made a Partner of the Light.

Scarce

Scarce wast Thou borne, when joyn'd in friendly Bands
Two mortall Foes with other clasped Hands,
With Vertue Fortune strove, which most should grace
Thy Place for Thee, Thee for so high a Place,
One vow'd Thy sacred Brest not to forsake,
The other on Thee not to turne her Back;
And that thou more her loves Effects mightst feele,
For Thee she left her Globe, and broke her Wheele.
When yeares Thee Vigour gave, O then how cleare
Did smothered Sparkles in bright Flames appeare!
Amongst the Woods to force the flying Hart,
To pierce the Mountaine-Wolfe with feather'd Dart;
See Faulcons climbe the Clouds, the Foxe ensnare,
Out-run the wind-out-running *Dædale* Hare
To breath thy fiery Steed on every Plaine,
And in meandring Gyres him bring againe,
The Presse Thee making Place, and vulgar Things,
In Admirations Aire, on Glories Wings;
O! Thou far from the common Pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazell Envies Eyes:
Thou soughtst to know this Alls eternall Source,
Of ever-turning Heavens the restlesse Course,
Their fixed Lamps, their Lights which wandring run,
Whence Moon her Silver hath, his Gold the Sun,
If Fate there be or no, if Planets can
By fierce Aspects force the free-will of Man:
The light aspiring Fire, the liquid Aire,
The flaming Dragons, Comets with red Haire,
Heavens tilting Launces, Artillery, and Bow,
Loud-sounding Trumpets, Darts of Haile, and Snow,
The roaring Element, with People dumbe,
The Earth with what conceiv'd is in her Wombe,
What on her moves, were set unto thy Sight,
Till Thou didst find their Causes, Essence, Might:
But unto nought Thou so thy Mind didst straine,
As to be read in Man, and learne to raigne;

To know the Weight and *Atlas* of a Crown,
To spare the Humble, Proud ones tumble down.
When from those piercing Cares which Thrones invest,
As Thornes the Rose, thou weari'd would'st thee rest,
With Lute in Hand, full of Cœlestiall Fire,
To the *Pierian* Groves thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all *Uranias* Flow'rs,
In sweeter Layes than builded *Thebes* Tow'rs,
Or them which charm'd the Dolphines in the Maine,
Or which did call *Euridice* againe,
Thou sung'st away the Houres, till from their Spheare
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy Melody to heare.
The God with golden Haire, the Sister Maids,
Did leave their *Helicon*, and *Temp's* shades,
To see thine Isle, here lost their native Tongue,
And in thy world-divided Language sung.
Who of thine after-age can count the Deeds,
With all that Fame in Times huge Annals reads,
How by Example more than any Law,
This People fierce thou didst to goodnesse draw;
How while the Neighbour Worlds (toss'd by the Fates)
So many *Phaëtons* had in their States, (Thrones,
Which turn'd to heedlesse Flames their burnish'd
Thou (as ensphear'd) keptst temperate thy Zones;
In *Affrick* Sheares the Sands that ebbe and flow,
The shady Leaves on *Ardens* Trees that grow,
He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
To wash the *Mauritanian Atlas* feet.
Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a King by Birth,
Thy Worth deserves the richest Crown on Earth.
Search this halfe-Spheare, and the Antartick Ground,
Where is such Wit and Bounty to be found?
As into silent Night, when neare the Beare
The Virgine Huntresse shines at full most cleare,
And strives to match her Brothers golden Light,
The Hoast of stars doth vanish in her sight,

Arctum

Arcturus dies; cool'd is the Lions ire,
Po burns no more with *Phaëton* all Fire;
Orion faints to see his Armes grow black,
And that his flaming Sword he now doth lack:
So *Europes* Lights, all bright in their Degree,
Lose all their Lustre parallel'd with Thee.
By just Discent Thou from more Kings dost shine,
Than many can name Men in all their Line:
What most they toyle to find, and finding hold,
Thou scorn'st, orient Gems, and flatt'ring Gold?
Esteeming Treasure surer in Mens Brests,
Than when immur'd with Marble, clos'd in Chests;
No stormy Passions do disturbe thy Mind,
No mists of Greatnesse ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meeke? Thou life didst give
To them who did repine to see Thee live;
What Prince by Goodnesse hath such Kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his Peoples Peace maintain'd?
Their Swords are turn'd to Sythes, to Culters Speares,
Some Giant Post their antick Armour beares:
Now, where the wounded Knight his Life did bleed,
The wanton Swaine sits piping on a Reed.
And where the Canon did *Joves* Thunder scorne,
The gawdy Hunts-man winds his shrill-tun'd Horne:
Her green Locks *Ceres* doth to yellow die,
The Pilgrim safely in the shade doth lye,
Both *Pan* and *Pales* (careless keep their Flocks,
Seas have no Dangers save the Winds and Rocks:
Thou art this Isles *Palladium*, neither can
[Whiles thou dost live] it be o're-thrown by Man.
Let others boast of Bloud and Spoyles of Foes,
Fierce Rapines, Murders, *Iliads* of Woes,
Of hated Pompe, and Trophees reared faire,
Gore-spangled Ensignes streaming in the Aire,
Count how they make the *Scythian* them adore,
The *Gaditan*, and Souldiour of *Aurore*,

Unhappy Boasting! to enlarge their Bounds,
That charge themselves with cares, their friends with
Who have no Law to their ambitious Will, (Wounds,
But (Man-plagues) borne are humane Bloud to spill:
Thou a true Victor art, sent from above
What others straine by Force, to gaine by Love,
World-wandring Fame this Praise to thee imparts,
To be the only Monarch of all Hearts.
They many feare, who are of many fear'd,
And Kingdoms got by Wrongs, by Wrongs are tear'd,
Such Thrones as Bloud doth raise, Bloud throweth down,
No Guard so sure as Love unto a Crown.

Eye of our westerne World, *Mars*-daunting King,
With whose Renowne the Earths seven Climates ring,
Thy Deeds not only claime these Diadems,
To which *Thame*, *Litty*, *Taye*, subject their *S*treames:
But to thy Vertues rare, and Gifts, is due
All that the Planet of the Yeare doth view;
*S*ure if the world above did want a Prince
The world above to it would take Thee hence.

That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell,
And in their Rooms with us the Graces dwell,
That Honour more than Riches Men respect,
That Worthinesse than Gold doth more effect,
That Piety unmasked shows her Face,
That Innocency keeps with Power her Place,
That long-exil'd *Astrea* leaves the Heaven,
And turneth right her *S*word, her Weights holds even;
That the *Saturnian* world is come againe,
Are wish'd effects of Thy most happy Raigne.
That dayly Peace, Love, Truth, Delights encrease,
And Discord, Hate, Fraud, with Incumbers, cease,
That Men use strength not to shed others Bloud,
But use their strength now to do others Good;
That Fury is enchain'd, disarmed VVrath,
That (save by Natures Hand) there is no Death,

That

That late grim Foes, like Brothers, other love,
That Vultures prey not on the harmeleſſe Dove,
That VVolves with Lambs do friendſhip entertaine,
Are wiſh'd effects of thy moſt happy Raigne.
That Towns encreaſe, That ruin'd Temples riſe,
That their wind-moving Vanes do kiſſe the Skies,
That Ignorance and Sloath hence run away,
That buri'd Arts now rowſe them to the Day,
That *Hyperion* far beyond his Bed,
Doth ſee, our Lions rampe, our Roſes ſpred,
That *Iber* courts us, *Tyber* not us charmes; (warmes;
That *Rhein* with hence-brought Beames his boſome
That Ill doth feare, and Good doth us maintaine,
Are wiſh'd Effects of thy moſt happy Raigne.

O Vertues Patterne, Glory of our Times,
Sent of paſt Daies to expiate the Crimes,
Great King, but better far than thou art great,
VVhom State not honours, but who honours State,
By VVonder borne, by VVonder firſt inſtall'd,
By VVonder after to new Kingdoms call'd;
Young kept by VVonder from home-bred Alarmes,
Old ſav'd by Wonder from pale Traitours Harmes,
To be for this Thy Raigne which VVonders brings,
A King of VVonder, VVonder unto Kings.
If *Pict*, *Dane*, *Normane*, Thy ſmooth Yoke had ſeen,
Pict, *Dane*, and *Norman* had thy Subjects been:
If *Brutus* knew the Bliſſe Thy Rule doth give,
Even *Brutus* joy would under Thee to live:
For Thou Thy People doſt ſo dearely love,
That they a Father, more than Prince, Thee prove.

O Daies to be deſir'd! Age happy thrice!
If you your Heaven-ſent-Good could duly prize,
But we (halfe-palſie-ſick) thinke never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our ſight,
Prize only Summers ſweet and muſked Breath,
VVhen armed VVinters threaten us with Death.

In pallid Sickneſſe do eſteeme of Health,
And by ſad Poverty diſcerne of Wealth:
I ſee an Age when after ſome few yeares,
And Revolutions of the ſlow-pac'd Spheares,
Theſe daies ſhall be above other far eſteem'd,
And like *Auguſtus* palmy Raigne be deem'd.
The Names of *Arthur*, fabulous *Paladines*,
Grav'n in Times ſurly Brows in wrinckled Lines,
Of *Henries*, *Edwards*, famous for their Fights,
Their Neighbour Conqueſts, Orders new of Knights,
Shall by this Princes Name be paſt as far
As Meteors are by the *Idalian* Star.
If Gray-hair'd *Proteus* Songs the Truth not miſſe,
There is a Land hence-diſtant many Miles,
Out-reaching Fiction and *Atlantick* Iſles,
Which (Homelings) from this little World we name,
That ſhall imblazon with ſtrange Rites his Fame,
Shall reare him *Statues* all of pureſt Gold,
Such as Men gave unto the Gods of old,
Name by him Temples, Pallaces, and Towns,
With ſome great River, which their Fields renowns.
This is that King who ſhould make right each wrong,
Of whom the *Bards* and myſtick *Sybills* ſung,
The Man long promis'd, by whoſe glorious Raigne,
This Iſle ſhould yet her ancient Name regaine,
And more of *Fortunate* deſerve the *Stile*,
Than thoſe where Heavens with double *Sumers* ſmile.
Run on (Great Prince) Thy Courſe in Glories way,
The end the Life, the Evening crowns the Day;
Heape worth on worth, and ſtrongly ſoare above
Thoſe heights which made the World Thee firſt to love;
Surmount thy ſelfe, and make thine Actions paſt
Be but as Gleames or Lightnings of thy laſt,
Let them exceed thoſe of thy younger Time,
As far as Autumne doth the flowry Prime.

Through

Through this thy Empire range, like worlds bright Eye,
That once each yeare surveyes all Earth, and skie,
Now glannces on the slow and restly Beares,
Then turnes to dry the weeping *Austers* teares,
Hurries to both the Poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd Circle of the Heaven.
O long long haunt these Bounds, which by thy sight
Have now regain'd their former Heat and Light.
Here grow green Woods, here silver Brooks do glide,
Here Meadows stretch them out with painted Pride,
Embroyd'ring all the Banks, here Hills aspire
To crown their Heads with the æthereall Fire:
Hills, Bulwarks of our Freedome, giant walls,
Which never friends did slight nor *S*word made thralls;
Each circling Flood to *Thetis* Tribute paies,
Men here (in Health) out-live old *Nestors* daies:
Grim *Saturne* yet amongst our Rocks remaines,
Bound in our Caves, with many Mettal'd Chaines:
Bulls haunt our shades like *Ledas* Lover white,
Which yet might breed *Pasiphae* delight,
Our Flocks faire Fleeces beare, with which for sport
Endimion of old the Moon did court,
High-palmed Harts amidst our Forrests run,
And, not impall'd, the deep-mouth'd Hounds do shun;
The rough-foot Hare safe in our Bushes shrowds,
And long-wing'd Hawkes do pearch amidst our clouds.
The wanton wood-Nymphs of the verdant *S*pring,
Blew, Golden, Purple Flow'rs shall to thee bring,
Pomonas Fruits the *Panisks*, *Thetis* Gyrles,
Thy *Thulys* Amber, with the Ocean Pearles;
The *Tritons*, *H*eardsmen of the glassie Field,
*S*hall give thee what far-distant shoares can yeeld,
The *Serean* Fleeces, *Erythrean* Gems,
Waste *Platas* *S*ilver, Gold of *Peru* *S*treames,
Antartick Parrots, *Æthiopian* Plumes,
Sabean Odours, Myrrhe, and sweet Perfumes:

And

And I my ſelfe, wrapt in a watchet Gown
Of Reeds and Lillies, on mine Head a Crown,
Shall Incenſe to thee Burne, green Altars raiſe,
And yearly ſing due *Paans* to Thy Praiſe.
Ah why ſhould *Iſis* only ſee Thee ſhine?
Is not thy *Forth*, as well as *Iſis* Thine?
Though *Iſis* vaunt ſhe hath more Wealth in ſtore,
Let it ſuffice Thy *Forth* doth love Thee more:
Though ſhe for Beauty may compare with *Seine*,
For Swans and Sea-Nymphs with imperiall *Rheine*,
Yet for the Title may be claim'd in Thee,
Nor She, nor all the World can match with me.
Now when (by Honour drawn) Thou ſhalt away
To Her already jealous of Thy Stay,
When in Her amorous Armes She doth Thee fold,
And dries thy Dewy Haires with Hers of Gold,
Much asking of Thy Fare, much of Thy Sport,
Much of Thine Abſence, Long, how e're ſo ſhort,
And chides (perhaps) Thy comming to the North,
Loath not to thinke on Thy much-loving *Forth*:
O love theſe Bounds, whereof Thy Royall Stem
More than an hundred wore a Diadem.
So ever Gold and Baies Thy Brows adorne,
So never Time may ſee Thy Race out-worne,
So of Thine Own ſtill mayſt Thou be deſir'd,
Of Strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So *Memory* Thee Praiſe, ſo precious Hours
May character Thy Name in ſtarry Flow'rs;
So may Thy high Exploits at laſt make even,
With Earth Thy Empire, Glory with the Heaven.

SPEECHES

TO THE

HIGH AND EXCELLENT

PRINCE,

CHARLES,

King of Great *Brittaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*, at His Entring His City of *EDENBURGH*:

Delivered from the Pageants the 15th of *June*, 1633.

LONDON,

Printed in the Yeare, 1656.

An intended Speech at the West Gate.

SIR, if Nature could suffer Rocks to move, and abandon their naturall places, this Town founded on the strength of Rocks (now by the all-cheering Rayes of Your Majesties Presence, taking not only Motion, but Life) had with her Castell, Temples, and Houses moved toward you, and besought you to acknowledge Her yours, and Her Inhabitants your most humble and affectionate Subjects, and to beleeve how many soules are within Her Circuits, so many Lives are devoted to your sacred Person and Crown; And here, Sir, She offers by me, to the Altar of your Glory, whole *Hecatombs* of most happy desires, praying all things may prove prosperous unto you, that every Vertue and Heroick Grace, which make a Prince eminent, may with a long and blessed Government attend you; Your Kingdoms flourishing abroad with Bayes, at home with Olives. Presenting you Sir, (who are the Strong Key of this little World of Great *Brittaine*) with these Keyes, which cast up the Gates of Her affection, and designe you Power to open all the Springs of the Hearts of these Her most loyall Citizens. Yet this almost not necessary; for as the Rose at the far appearing of the Morning Sun displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at the

the very Report of your happy returne to this your native Countrey, their Hearts (as might be apparent, if they could have shined through their Breasts) were with joy and faire hopes made spacious, nor did they ever in all parts feele a more comfortable heat, than the Glory of your Presence at this time darteth upon them.

The Old forget their Age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a Prince: The Young beare a Part in your Welcome, desiring many yeares of Life, that they may serve you long, all have more joyes than Tongues; for as the words of other Nations far go beyond and surpasse the affection of their hearts: So in this Nation the affection of their hearts is far above all they can expresse by words. Daigne then, Sir, from the highest of Majesty, to look down on their lowneſſe, and embrace it, accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their gratefull zeale, and for deeds, accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your Ancestors, and shall ever to your Own, and your Royall Race, whilest these Rocks shall be overshadowed with Buildings, these Buildings inhabited by men, and while men shall be endued either with counsell or courage, or enjoy any peece of Reason, Sense, or Life.

THE

The Speech of *Caledonia*, repreſenting the Kingdom.

THe Heavens have heard our vows, our juſt deſires
Obtained are, no higher now aſpires
Our wiſhing thought, ſince to his native Clime
The Flower of Princes, honour of his Time,
Encheering all our Dales, Hills, Forreſts, Streames,
(As *Phœbus* doth the *S*ummer with his beames)
Is come, and radiant to us in his traine
The golden Age and vertues brings againe;
Prince ſo much longed for, how thou becalm'ſt
Minds eaſeleſſe anguiſh, every care embalm'ſt
With the ſweet odours of thy Preſence: Now
In ſwelling Tides Joyes every where do flow
By thine approach, and that the World may ſee
What unthought wonders do attend on Thee,
This Kingdomes Angell I, who ſince that day
That ruthleſſe Fate thy Parent reft away,
And made a *S*tar, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy comming, come am here.
Haile Princes Phœnix, Monarch of all Hearts,
*S*overaigne of Love and Juſtice, who imparts
More than thou canſt receive; *T*o thee this Crown
Is due by birth; but more, it is thine own
By juſt deſert; and ere another brow
*T*han thine ſhould reach the ſame, my flouds ſhould flow
With

With hot Vermilian gore, and every Plaine
Levell the hills with Carkasses of slaine,
This Isle become a red Sea: Now how sweet
Is it to me, when Love and Laws thus meet
To girt thy Temples with this Diadem,
My Nurselings sacred feare, and dearest Gem,
Nor *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Pict*, by sad alarmes
Could this acquire and keep; the Heavens in armes
From us repell all perills, nor by wars
Ought here was won or gaping wounds and scars,
Our Lions *Clymacterick* now is past,
And crown'd with Bayes, he rampeth free at last.
Here are no *Serean* Fleeces, *Peru* Gold,
Aurean Gems, nor Wares by *Tyrians* sold;
Towns swell not here with *Babylonian* Walls,
Nor *Nero's* sky-resembling gold-seel'd Halls,
Nor *Memphis* Spires, nor *Quinzayes* arched Frames,
Captiving Seas, and giving Lands their names:
Faith (milke-white *Faith*) of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure *Sisters*, *Truth*, *Simplicity*;
Here banish'd *Honour* beares them company,
A *Mars*-adoring Brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as sound a health;
Walls here are Men, who fence their Cities more
Than *Neptune* when he doth in Mountaines roare,
Doth guard this Isle, or all those Forts and Tow'rs
Amphions Harpe rais'd about *Thebes* bow'rs,
Heavens Arch is oft their roofe, the pleasant shed
Of Oake and Plaine oft serves them for a Bed.
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting Mountaines crown'd with Ice,
Rivers o'recome, the wastest Lakes appall,
(Being to themselves, Oars, Steerers, Ship and all)
Is their renowne; a brave all-doring Race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this Climate grace;

Yet

Yet the firme Baſe on which their glory ſtands,
In peace true hearts, in wars is valiant hands,
Which here (great King) they offer up to thee,
Thy worth reſpecting as thy pedegree:
Though it be much to come of Princely ſtem,
More is it to deſerve a Djadem.

Vouchſafe bleſt People, raviſht here with me,
To thinke my thoughts, and ſee what I do ſee,
A Prince all gracious, affable, divine,
Meeke, wiſe, juſt, valiant, whoſe radiant ſhine,
Of Vertues (like the Stars about the Pole
Guilding the Night) enlightneth every Soule
Your Scepter ſwaies; a Prince borne in this Age
To guard the Innocents from Tyrants rage,
To make Peace proſper, Juſtice to reflow'r,
In deſert hamlet, as in Lordly Bow'r;
A Prince, that though of none he ſtands in awe,
Yet firſt ſubjects himſelfe to his own Law,
Who joyes in good, and ſtill as right directs,
His greatneſſe meaſures by his good effects,
His Peoples pedeſtall, who riſing high,
To grace this Throne, makes *Scotlands* name to fly
On *Halcyons* wings (her glory which reſtores)
Beyond the Ocean to *Columbus* ſhores:
Gods ſacred Picture in this man adore,
Honour his *Valour*, *Zeale*, his *Piety* more,
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your hearts Heart, from whom all good ye have:
For as Moons ſplendor from her Brother ſprings,
The Peoples welfare ſtreameth from their Kings.
Since your loves Object doth immortall prove,
O love this Prince with an eternall love.

Pray that thoſe Crowns his Anceſtors did weare,
His temples long (more orient) may beare,
That good he reach by ſweetneſſe of his ſway,
That even his ſhadow may the bad affray;

That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatnesse grow,
That your begun felicities may last,
That no *Orion* do with stormes them blast,
That Victory his brave exploits attend,
East, West, or South, where he his Force shall bend,
Till his great Deeds all former Deeds surmount,
And quaile the Nimrod of the *Hellespont*;
That when his well-spent care all care becalmes,
He may in Peace sleep in a shade of Palmes;
And rearing up faire Trophees, that heavens may
Extend his life to worlds extreamest day.

The

The Song of the Muſes at *Parnaſſus*.

AT length we ſee thoſe Eyes,
Which cheere both Earth and Skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy Beauties heighten, richeſt Robes put on,
And let young joyes to all thy parts ariſe.

Here could thy Prince ſtill ſtay,
Each Month ſhould turne to May;
We need nor Star, nor Sun,
Save him, to lengthen Daies and Joyes begun:
Sorrow and Night to far Climes haſte away.

Now Majeſty and Love
Combin'd are from above,
Prince never Scepter ſway'd,
Lov'd Subjects more, of Subjects more obey'd.
Which may endure whilſt Heavens great Orbes do move.

Joyes did you alwaies laſt,
Liſes ſparke you ſoon would waſte;
Griefe follows ſweet Delight,
As Day is ſhadowed by ſable Night,
Yet ſhall Remembrance keep you ſtill when paſt.

The Speeches at the Horoſcopall Pageant by the Planets.

Endymion.

ROus'd from the *Latmian* Cave, where many yeares
That Empreſſe of the loweſt of the Spheares,
Who cheers the Night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortall Wights, to eaſe her love-ſick heart,
As young as when ſhe did me firſt encloſe,
As freſh in beauty as the morning Roſe,
Endymion; that whilome kept my Flocks
Upon *Ionias* flowry Hills and Rocks,
And ſweet Layes warbling to my *Cynthias* beames,
Out-ſang the Cignets of *Meanders* ſtreames:
To whom (for Guerdon) ſhe Heavens ſecret bars
Made open, taught the Paths and Pow'rs of Stars;
By this deare Ladies ſtrict commandement
To celebrate this day I here am ſent.
But whether is this heaven, which ſtars do crown,
Or are heavens flaming ſplendors here come down
To beautifie this nether World with me?
Such ſtate and glory did e're Shepheard ſee?
My wits my ſenſe miſtruſt, and ſtay amaz'd,
No eye on fairer Objects ever gaz'd;
Sure this is Heaven, for every wandring ſtar,
Forſaking thoſe great Orbes where whirl'd they are,
All diſmall ſad aſpects abandoning,
Are here met to ſalute ſome gracious King;
Nor is it ſtrange if they Heavens height neglect,
It of undoubted worth is the effect:
Then this it is, thy preſence (royall Youth)
Hath brought them here within an *Azymuth*,

To

To tell by me (their Herauld) comming things,
And what each Fate to her sterne Distaffe sings:
Heavens Volume to unclaspe, vast Pages spread,
Mysterious golden Cyphers cleare to read:
Heare then the Augur of thy future daies,
And what the starry Senate of thee saies;
For, what is firme decreed in heaven above,
In vaine on earth strive Mortalls to improve.

Saturne.

TO faire hopes to give reines now is it time,
And soare as high as just desires may climbe;
O *Halcyonian*, cleare, and happy Day,
From sorry Wights let sorrow flie away,
And vexe *Antartick* Climes, great *Brittaines* woes
Vanish, for joy now in her *Zenith* glows;
The old *Lucadian* Syth-b earing Sire
(Though cold) for thee feeles flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height,
Shall keep thy Scepters Majesty as bright
And strong in power and glory every way,
As when thy peereleſſe Parent did it sway,
Ne're turning wrinkled in times endleſſe length,
But one in her first beauty, youthfull strength,
Like thy rare mind, which stedfast as the Pole
Still fixed stands, however Spheares do role;
More, to inbaunce with favours this thy Raigne,
His age of gold he shall restore againe,
Love, Justice, Honour, Innocence renew,
Mens sprights with white simplicity indue,
Make all to live in plenties ceaseleſſe store
With equall shares, none wishing to have more;
No more shall cold the Plough-mens hopes beguile,
Skies shall on Earth with lovely glances smile;

Which shall untill'd each flow'r and herb bring forth,
And Lands to Gardens turne of equall worth,
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortall dates,
Thus heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Jove.

DElight of heaven, sole honour of the earth,
Jove (courting thine Ascendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a King, and made it true,
That to thy worth great Monarchies are due;
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state,
Rare gifts whose ardors burne the hearts of all,
Like tinder when flints atoms on it fall.
The *Tramontane* which thy faire course directs,
Thy Counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice kept low by Giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistering stars,
Whom nought save Law of force could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turne Clients to the force of Law,
Thou Armes shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repell, and guard weake innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As Oake the Ivy which it doth enfold;
All overcome, at last thy selfe orecome,
Thou shalt make passion yield to reasons doome:
For smiles of fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it ere declin'd,
True honour shall reside within thy Court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries
Detest, and fawning Parasites despise,
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poore
Thy selfe, but give, that thou mayst still give more;

Thou

Thou ſhalt no *Paranymph* raiſe to high Place,
For frizl'd locks, quaint pace, or painted face;
On gorgeous rayments, womanizing toyes,
The works of wormes, and what a Moth deſtroyes.
The Maze of fooles, thou ſhalt no treaſure ſpend,
Thy charge to immortality ſhall tend,
Raiſe Pallaces, and Temples vaulted high,
Rivers o're arch, of Hoſpitality
And Sciences the ruin'd Innes reſtore,
With Walls and Ports incircle *Neptunes* ſhore,
To new-found worlds thy Fleets make hold their courſe,
And find of *Canada* the unknown Sourſe,
People thoſe Lands which paſſe *Arabian* fields
In fragrant Woods and Muske which *Zephire* yeelds;
Thou fear'd of none, ſhalt not thy People feare,
Thy Peoples love thy Greatneſſe ſhall up-reare,
Still rigour ſhall not ſhine, and mercy lower,
What Love can do thou ſhalt not do by Power;
New and vaſt Taxes thou ſhalt not extort,
Load heavy thoſe thy bounty ſhould ſupport,
Thou ſhalt not ſtrike the Hinge nor Maſter Beame
Of thine Eſtate, but errours in the ſame
By harmeleſſe Juſtice graciouſly reforme,
Delighting more in calme than roaring ſtorme;
Thou ſhalt governe in Peace as did thy Sire,
Keep, ſave thine own, and Kingdomes new acquire,
Beyond *Alcides* Pillars, and thoſe bounds
Where *Alexander* gain'd the Eaſterne Crowns,
Till thou the greateſt be amongſt the Greats;
Thus Heavens ordaine, ſo have decreed the Fates.

Mars.

SOn of the Lion, thou of loathsome Bands
Shalt free the Earth, and what e're thee withstands
Thy noble paws shall teare, the God of *Thrace*
Shall be thy second, and before thy face,
To Truth and Justice, whilest thou Trophees reares,
Armies shall fall dismaid with Panick feares.
As when *Aurora* in skies azure lists
Makes shadows vanish, doth dispers the mists,
And in a twinkling with her opall light,
Nights horrours checketh, putting stars to flight;
More to inflame thee to this noble taske,
To thee he here resigns his Sword and Caske,
A Wall of flying *Castels*, armed Pines
Shall bridge thy Sea, like heaven with steele that shines,
To aide earths tenants by foule yoaks oppr est,
And fill with feares the great King of the West:
To thee already Victory displaies
Her garlands twin'd, with Olive, Oake, and Bayes,
Thy triumphs finish shall all old debates;
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

Sun.

WEalth, *Wisdome*, *Glory*, *Pleasure*, stoutest hearts
Religion, *Laws*, *Hyperion* imparts
To thy just Raigne, which shall far, far surpasse
Of Emperours, Kings, the best that ever was;
Look how he dims the stars; thy Glories raies
So darken shall the lustre of these daies:
For, in faire Vertues Zodiack thou shalt run,
And in the Heaven of Worthies be the *Sun*.

No

No more contemn'd shall hapleſſe Learning lye;
The maids of *Pindus* shall be raiſed high;
For Bay and Ivy which their brows enroll'd
Thou ſhalt them deck with Gems and ſhining gold;
Thou open ſhalt *Parnaſſus* Chriſtall gates:
Thus Heavens ordaine, ſo do decree the Fates.

Venus.

THe *Acidalian* Queen amidſt thy Bayes
Shall twine her Mirtles, grant thee pleaſant daies;
She did make cleare thy houſe, and with her light
Of churliſh ſtars put back the diſmall ſpight;
The *Hymenean* bed faire brood ſhall grace,
Which on the earth continue ſhall their race,
While *Floras* treaſure ſhall the Meads endeare,
While ſweet *Pomona* Roſe-cheek'd fruits ſhall beare,
While *Phabes* beames her brothers emulates:
Thus Heavens decree, ſo have ordain'd the Fates.

Mercury.

GReat *Atlas* Nephew, ſhall the works of Peace,
(The Springs of plenty) Tillage, Trades encreaſe,
And Arts in times gulfes loſt againe reſtore,
To their Perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect Artiſts, *Cyclops* in their forge
Shall mould thoſe brazen *Typhons*, which diſgorge
From their hard Bowels metall, flame and ſmoake,
Muſling the aire up in a ſable cloake.
Geryons, Harpyes, Dragons, Sphinges ſtrange
Wheele, where in ſpacious gires the Fume doth range,
The Sea ſhrinkes at the blow, ſhake doth the ground,
The Worlds vaſt Chambers doth the ſound rebound;

The

The Stygian Porter leaveth off to barke,
Black *Jove* appall'd doth shroud him in the darke;
Many a *Typhis* in adventures tost
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast,
With thy sayle-winged *Argoses* find out,
Which like the Sun shall run the Earth about;
And far beyond his paths score wavy waies,
To *Cathaies* Lands by *Hyperborean* Seas;
He shall endue thee both in peace and war,
With wisdome, which than Strength is better far,
Wealth, Honour, Armes, and Arts shall grace thy States;
Thus Heavens ordaine, so do decree the Fates.

The Moon.

O How the faire Queen with the golden maids,
The Sun of Night, thy happy fortunes aids;
Though turban'd Princes for a Badge her weare,
To them she waine, to thee would full appeare;
Her Hand-maid *Thetis* dayly walkes the round
About thy *Delos* that no force it wound,
Than when thou leftst it, and abroad didst stray,
(Deare Pilgrim) she did straw with flowers thy way,
And turning forraine force and counsell vaine,
Thy Guard and Guide return'd thee home againe;
To thee she Kingdomes, Years, Bliss did divine,
Quailing *Medusas* grim Snakes with her shine,
Beneath thy raigne Discord, (fell mischiefes forge,
The bane of Peoples, State, and Kingdome Scourge)
Pale Envy (with the Cocatrices eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith dye:)
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the *Garamants* shall pack them hence,
With every Monster that thy Glory hates,
Thus Heavens decree, to have ordain'd the Fates.

Endymion.

Endymion.

THat heretofore to thy heroick mind
Hopes did not anſwer as they were deſign'd:
O do not thinke it ſtrange, Times were not come,
And theſe faire ſtars had not pronounc'd their doome;
The Deſtinies did on that day attend,
When to this Northerne Region thou ſhould lend
Thy cheerfull preſence, and charg'd with Renown,
Set on thy brows the *Caledonian* Crown;
Thy vertues now thy juſt deſire ſhall grace,
Sterne Chance ſhall change, and to Deſert give place;
Let this be known to all the Fates, admit
To their grave Counſell, and to every wit
That courts Heavens inſide; this let *Sibills* know,
And thoſe mad *Corybants* who dance and glow
On *Dindimus* high tops with frantick fire:
Let this be known to all *Apollo's* Quire,
And People let it not be hid from you,
What Mountaines noyſe, and flouds proclaime as true:
Whereever Fame abroad his praiſe ſhall ring,
All ſhall obſerve, and ſerve this bleſſed King.

The End of King Charles *his Entertainment at* Edenborough, 1633.

A Paſtorall Elegie on the Death of S. *W. A.*

IN ſweeteſt prime, and blooming of his Age,
Deare *Alcon* raviſh'd from this mortall Stage,
The Shepheards mourn'd, as they him lov'd before;
Among the Rout him *Idmon* did deplore.
Idmon, who whether Sun in Eaſt did riſe,
Or dive in Weſt, pour'd Torrents from his Eyes
Of liquid Chryſtall, under Hawthorne ſhade,
At laſt to Trees and Rocks this plaint he made.
Alcon, delight of Heaven, deſire of Earth,
Off-ſpring of *Phœbus*, and the Muſes birth,
The Graces Darling, *Adon* of our Plaines,
Flame of the faireſt Nymphs the Earth ſuſtaines,
What Power of thee hath us bereft? What Fate
By thy untimely fall would ruinate
Our hopes? O Death! what treaſure in one houre
Haſt thou diſperſed? How doſt thou devoure
What we on earth hold deareſt? All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blaſt ye in the Bud?
The Corne the greedy Reapers cut not down
Before the Fields with golden Eares it crown;
Nor doth the verdant Fruits the Gardener pull:
But thou art cropt before thy yeares were full.

With

With thee (ſweet youth) the Glories of our Fields
Vaniſh away, and what contentments yields.
The Lakes their ſilver look, the woods their ſhades,
The Springs their Chriſtall want, their Verdure Meads,
The yeares their early ſeaſons, cheerfull Dayes,
Hills gloomy ſtand now deſolate of Rayes:
Their amorous whiſpers *Zephires* not us bring,
Nor do Aires Quireſters ſalute the Spring;
The freezing winds our Gardens do deſloure.
Ah Deſtinies! and you whom Skies embow'r,
To his faire Spoiles his Spright againe yet give,
And like another *Phœnix* make him live.
The Herbs, though cut, ſprout fragrant from their ſtems,
And make with Crimſon bluſh our Anadems:
The Sun when in the Weſt he doth decline,
Heavens brighteſt Tapers at his Funeralls ſhine;
His Face, when waſht in the *Atlantick* Seas,
Revives, and cheeres the *Welkin* with new Raies:
Why ſhould not he, ſince of more pure a Frame,
Returne to us againe, and be the ſame?
But wretch what wiſh I? To the winds I ſend
Theſe Plaints and Prayers, Deſtines cannot lend
Thee more of Time, nor Heavens conſent will thus,
Thou leave their ſtarry World to dwell with us;
Yet ſhall they not thee keep amidſt their *S*pheares
Without theſe lamentations and Teares.
Thou waſt all Vertue, Courteſie, and Worth,
And as *S*uns light is in the Moon ſet forth;
Worlds ſupreame Excellence in thee did ſhine:
Nor, though eclipſed now, ſhalt thou decline,
But in our Memories live, while Dolphins ſtreames
*S*hall haunt, whilſt *Eaglets* ſtare on *T*itans beames,
Whilſt *S*wans upon their Chriſtall Tombes ſhall ſing,
Whilſt Violets with Purple paint the *S*pring.
A gentler *S*hepheard Flocks did never feed
On *Albions* Hills, nor ſung to oaten Reed:

While

While what ſhe found in Thee my Muſe would blaze,
Griefe doth diſtract Her, and cut ſhort thy Praiſe.
How oft have we, inviron'd by the Throng
Of tedious Swaines, the cooler ſhades among,
Contemn'd Earths glow-worme Greatneſſe, and the Chace
Of Fortune ſcorn'd, deeming it diſgrace
To court unconſtancy? How oft have we
Some *Chloris* Name graven in each Virgin Tree,
And, finding Favours fading, the next Day
What we had carv'd we did deface away?
Woefull Remembrance! Nor Time nor Place
Of thy abodement ſhadows any Trace,
But there to me Thou ſhin'ſt: late glad Deſires,
And ye once Roſes, how are ye turned Bryers?
Contentments paſſed, and of Pleaſures Chiefe,
Now are ye frightfull Horrours, Hells of Griefe?
When from thy native Soyle Love had Thee driven,
(Thy ſafe returne Preſigurating) a Heaven
Of flattering Hopes did in my Fancy move,
Then little dreaming it ſhould Atomes prove.
Theſe Groves preſerve will I, theſe loved Woods,
Theſe Orchards rich with Fruits, with Fiſh theſe flouds,
My *Alcon* will returne, and once againe
His choſen Exiles he will entertaine;
The populous City holds him, amongſt Harmes
Of ſome fierce *Cyclops*, *Circe*'s ſtronger Charmes.
Theſe Bankes (ſaid I) he viſit will and Streames,
Theſe ſilent ſhades ne're kiſt by courting Beames.
Far, far off I will meet him, and I firſt
Shall him approaching know, and firſt be bleſt
With his Aſpect, I firſt ſhall heare his voice,
Him find the ſame he parted, and rejoyce
To learne his paſſed Perills, know the Sports
Of forraine Shepheards, Fawns, and Fairy Courts.
No pleaſure to the Fields, an happy State
The Swaines enjoy, ſecure from what they hate:

Free

Free of proud Cares they innocently ſpend
The Day, nor do black Thoughts their eaſe offend;
Wiſe Natures Darlings they live in the World,
Perplexing not themſelves how it is hurld.
Theſe Hillocks *Phœbus* loves, *Ceres* theſe Plaines,
Theſe Shades the *Sylvans*, and here *Pales* ſtraines
Milke in the Pailes; the Maids which haunt the Springs
Daunce on theſe Paſtures, here *Amintas* ſings:
Heſperian Gardens, *Tempe*'s ſhades are here,
Or what the Eaſterne *Inde* and Weſt hold deare.
Come then, deare Youth, the Wood-nymphs twine thee
With Roſe and Lilly, to impale thy Brows. (Boughs
Thus ignorant, I mus'd, not conſcious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthleſſe Fate:
Amidſt theſe Trances Fame thy loſſe doth ſound,
And through my Eares gives to my Heart a wound;
With ſtretched-out Armes I ſought thee to embrace,
But claſp'd (amaz'd) a Coffin in thy Place.
A Coffin! of our Joyes which had the Truſt,
Which told that thou wert come; but chang'd to Duſt:
Scarce, even when felt, could I beleeve this wrack,
Nor that thy Time and Glory Heavens would breake.
Now ſince I cannot ſee my *Alcons* Face,
And find nor Vows, nor Prayers to have place
With guilty Stars, this Mountaine ſhall become
To me a ſacred Altar, and a Tombe
To famous *Alcon*: here, as Daies, Month', Yeares
Do circling glide, I ſacrifice will teares:
Here ſpend my remnant Time, exil'd from Mirth,
Till Death at laſt turne Monarch of my Earth.
Shepheards on *Forth*, and you by *Doven* Rocks,
Which uſe to ſing and ſport, and keep your Flocks,
Pay Tribute here of Teares, ye never had
To aggravate your Moanes a cauſe more ſad;
And to their ſorrows hither bring your Mands,
Charged with ſweeteſt flow'rs, and with pure Hands;
(Faire

(Faire Nymphs) the blushing *Hyacinth* and Rose
Spred on the Place his Relicts do enclose,
Weave Garlands to his Memory, and put
Over his Hearse a Verse in Cypres cut:
Vertue did dye, Goodnesse but harme did give,
After the noble *Alcon* ceas'd to live,
Friendship an Earthquake suffer'd; losing Him,
Loves brightest Constellation turned Dim.

Hymne.

SAviour of Mankind, Man Emanuel,
Who sinlesse died for Sin, who vanquisht Hell,
The first fruits of the Grave, whose life did give
Light to our Darknes, in whose death we live.
O strengthen thou my faith; correct my will,
That mine may thine obey: protect me still;
So that the latter death may not devour
My soule seal'd with thy Seale; so in the houre
When thou whose body sanctified thy Tombe
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious Judge shalt come
To judge the World with Justice; by that signe
I may be known and entertained for thine.

A Translation
Of S. *John Scot* his verses, begining *Quod vitæ sectabor iter.*

VVHat course of life should wretched Mortals take?
In Books hard Questions large contention make;
Care dwels in Houses, Labour in the Field,
Tumultuous Seas affrighting dangers yield.
In Forraine Lands thou never canst be blest;
If rich, thou art in feare; if poore, distrest.
In Wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in Deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with Children borne?
Yet he that wants them, counts himselfe Forlorne.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdome voyd:
Gray haires are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of those two offers try,
Not to be borne; or, being borne, to dye?

MISCELLANIES.

ALL good hath left this Age, all tracks of ſhame,
Mercy is baniſhed, and pitty dead,
Juſtice, from whence it came, to heaven is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle Name.
Faith to diſtruſt, and Malice hath given place,
Envy with poyſon'd Teeth hath friendſhip torne,
Renowned Knowledge is a deſpis'd ſcorne,
Now evill 'tis, all evill not to embrace.
There is no life ſave under ſervile Bands,
To make Deſert a Vaſſall to their crimes,
Ambition with Avarice joyne hands;
O ever-ſhamefull, O moſt ſhameleſſe Times!
Save that Suns light we ſee, of good here tell,
This Earth we court ſo much, were very Hell.

DOth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the Juſtice which on Earth we find?
Is this that firme Decree which all doth bind?
Are theſe your Influences Powers above?
Thoſe Soules which vices moody Miſts moſt blind,
Blind Fortune blindly moſt their friend doth prove:
And they who thee (poore Idoll) Vertue love
Ply like a feather toſs'd by ſtorme and wind.
An! (if a Providence doth ſway this All.)
Why ſhould beſt Minds groane under moſt diſtreſſe,
Or why ſhould Pride Humility make thrall,
And injuries the Innocent oppreſſe?
Heavens hinder, ſtop this Fate, or grant a Time
When Good may have as well as Bad their Prime.

A Reply.

WHo do in Good delight
That ſoveraigne Juſtice ever doth reward,
And though ſometime it ſmite,
Yet it doth them regard;
For even amidſt their Griefe
They find a ſtrong reliefe,
And Death it ſelfe can work them no deſpight.
Againe, in evill who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midſt of Mirth are charg'd with ſins annoy,
Which is in Conſcience ſcrol'd,
And when their Lifes fraile thred is cut by Time,
They puniſhment find equall to each Crime.

LOok how in *May* the Roſe
At Sulphures azure fumes,
In a ſhort ſpace her crimſon bluſh doth loſe,
And all amaz'd a pallid white aſſumes.
So time our beſt conſumes,
Makes Youth and Beauty paſſe,
And what was pride turnes horrour in our Glaſſe.

To a Swallow building neare the Statue of Medea.

FOnd Progne, chattering wretch,
That is *Medea*, there,
Wilt thou thy Younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learne from her frantick face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spels, wounds, poyson, iron, fire?

Venus *armed.*

TO practice new alarmes
In *Joves* great Court above,
The wanton Queen of Love
Of sleeping *Mars* put on the horrid Armes,
Where gazing in a Glasse
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoffe the blew-eyed Maid did move;
Who said, sweet Queen, thus should you have been dight
When *Vulcan* took you napping with your Knight.

The Boares Head.

AMidst a pleasant Green
Which Sun did seldome see,
Where play'd *Anchises* with the *Cyprian* Queen;
The head of a wild Boare hung ouer Tree:
And driven by *Zephyres* breath
Did fall, and wound the lovely Youth beneath;
On whom yet scarce appeares
So much of blond as *Venus* eyes shed teares.
But ever as she wept her Antheme was,
Change, cruell, change, alas,
My *Adon* whilst thou liv'd was by thee slaine,
Now dead, this Lover must thou kill againe!

To an Owle.

A*Scalaphus* tell me,
So may Nights Curtaine long Time cover Thee,
So Ivy ever may
From irkesome light keep thy Chamber and Bed,
And in Moons Liv'ry cled;
So may'st thou scorne the Quiresters of Day,
When playning thou dost stay
Neare to the sacred window of my deare,
Dost ever thou her heare
To wake, and steale swift houres from drowsie sleep?
And when she wakes, doth ere a stollen sigh creep
Into thy list'ning eare?
If that deafe God doth yet her careleſſe keep,
In louder notes my Griefe with thine expresse,
Till by thy shriekes she think on my distresse.

Daphnis.

NOw *Daphnis* armes did grow
In ſlender branches, and her braided Haire,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leavy Twigs were ſtretched in the Aire,
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root,
A tender Barke enwraps her Body faire.
He who did cauſe her ill
Sore-wailing ſtood, and from his blubbered eyne
Did ſhow'rs of teares upon the rine diſtill,
Which water'd thus did bud and turne more greene.
O deep deſpaire! O Heart-appalling Griefe,
When that doth woe encreaſe ſhould bring reliefe.

The Beare of Love.

IN woods and deſart Bounds
A Beaſt abroad doth Roame,
So loving Sweetneſſe and the honey Combe,
It doth deſpiſe the armes of Bees and wounds:
I by like pleaſure led
To prove what Heavens did place
Of ſweet on your faire face,
Whilſt there with I am fed,
Reſt careleſſe (Beare of Love) of helliſh ſmart,
And how thoſe Eyes afflict and wound my Heart.

Five Sonnets for Galatea.

Trephone in vaine thou brings thy rimes and songs,
Deckt with grave *Pindars* old and withered flow'rs.
In vaine thou count'st the faire *Europas* wrongs,
And her whom *Jove* deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under Mirtles shed,
Or if that passion hath thy soule oppreſt,
It is but for some Grecian Mistris dead.
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breſt;
How can true Love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove,
Thou sueſt for grace, in scorne more to disgrace;
I cannot thinke thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no, thou learn'dst thy love in Lovers books.

II.

NO more with Candid words infect mine eares,
Tell me no more how that ye pine in anguish
When sound ye sleep: no more say that ye languish,
No more in sweet despite say you spend teares.
Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see;
How those that are haire-brain'd boast of *Apollo*,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in loves Library yet no Lover's be.
If we poore soules least favour but them shew,
That straight in wanton Lines abroad is blazed,
Their names doth soare on our fames overthrow,
Mark'd is our lightneſse whilst their wits are praised;
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a Lover.

Daphnis.

NOw *Daphnis* armes did grow
In slender branches, and her braided Haire,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leavy Twigs were fetcht in the Aire,
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root,
A tender Barke enwraps her Body faire.
He who did cause her ill
Sore-wailing stood, and from his blubbered eyne
Did show'rs of teares upon the rine distill,
Which water'd thus did bud and turne more green.
O deep despaire! O Heart-appalling Griefe,
When that doth woe encrease should bring reliefe.

The Beare of Love.

IN woods and desart Bounds
A Beast abroad doth Roame,
So loving Sweetnesse and the honey Combe,
It doth despise the armes of Bees and wounds:
I by like pleasure led
To prove what Heavens did place
Of sweet on your faire face,
Whilst there with I am fed,
Rest careless (Beare of Love) of hellish smart,
And how those Eyes afflict and wound my Heart.

Five Sonnets for Galatea.

Trephone in vaine thou brings thy rimes and songs,
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Their names doth soare on our fames overthrow,
Mark'd is our lightneſse whilst their wits are praised;
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a Lover.

III.

YE who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame *Dedall* Nets our beauty to surprize,
Telling strange Castles builded in the Skies,
And tales of *Cupids* Bow, and *Cupids* Dart;
Well, howsoever ye act your fained smart,
Molesting quiet eares with tragick cries,
When you accuse our chastities best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not halfe too wise,
Yea, ye your selves it deem most worthy praise;
Beauties best guard; that Dragon which doth keep
Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise;
That *Delion* wit that otherwaies may sleep,
To cruell Nymphs your Lines do fame afford,
Oft many pitifull, not one poore word.

IV.

IF it be love to wake out all the night,
And watchfull eyes drive out in dewie moanes,
And when the Sun brings to the world his light
To waste the Day in teares, and bitter groanes.
If it be love to dim weake reasons beame
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
In hellish agonies a heav'n to dreame,
Still seeking Comforts where but griefes we find;
If it be love to staine with wanton thought
A spotlesse chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen Bull, where he intomb'd did fry.
Then sure is Love the causer of such woes,
Be ye our Lovers, or our mortall foes.

And

V.

AND would you then ſhake off Loves golden chain,
With which it is beſt freedome to be bound?
And Cruell do ye ſeek to heale the Wound
Of Love, which hath ſuch ſweet and pleaſant paine?
All that is ſubject unto natures raigne
In Skies above, or on this lower round,
When it is long and far ſought, end hath found,
Doth in *Decadent* fall and ſlack remaine;
Behold the Moon how gay her face doth grow
Till ſhe kiſſe all the Sun, then doth decay;
See how the Seas tumultuouſly do flow
Till they embrace lov'd bankes, then poſt away:
So is't with love, unleſſe you love me ſtill;
O, do not thinke Ile yeeld unto your will.

VI.

CAres charming ſleep, ſon of the Sable night,
Brother to death, in ſilent darkneſſe borne,
Deſtroy my languiſh e're the day be light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne,
And let the day be long enough to mourne
The ſhip-wrack of my ill-adventured Youth;
Let watry eyes ſuffice to waile their ſcorne
Without the troubles of the nights untruth;
Ceaſe dreames, fond image of my fond deſires
To modell forth the paſſions of to morrow;
Let never riſing Sun approve your teares
To add more griefe to aggravate my ſorrow:
Still let me ſleep, embracing clouds in vaine,
And never wake to feele the daies diſdaine.

An Epitaph of one named Margaret.

IN ſhells, and gold, Pearles are not kept alone,
A *Margaret* here lies beneath a ſtone;
A *Margaret* that did excell in worth
All thoſe rich Gems the *Indies* both ſend forth.
Who had ſhe liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces foure, the Muſes ten,
And forc'd thoſe happy times her daies that claim'd
From her to be the age of Pearle ſtill nam'd;
She was the richeſt Jewell of her kind,
Grac'd with more luſtre than ſhe left behind,
All Goodneſſe, vertue, Bounty, and could cheare
The ſaddeſt minds, now Nature knowing here
How things but ſhown, then hidden are lov'd beſt,
This *Margaret* 'ſhrin'd in this marble Cheſt.

Another Epitaph on a Lady.

THis Beauty faire which death in duſt did turne,
And clos'd ſo ſoon within a Coffin ſad,
Did paſſe like Lightning, like the thunder burne,
So little like ſo much true vertue had;
Heavens but to ſhew their might here made it ſhine,
And when admir'd then in the worlds diſdaine,
(O teares, O griefe!) did call it back againe,
Leſt earth ſhould vaunt ſhe kept what was divine.

On

On a Drunkard.

NOr *Aramanthes*, nor Roſes do bequeath
Unto this Hearſe, but *Tamariſt*, and Wine,
For that ſame thirſt, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him ſo carrouſe while he drew breath.

Aretinus *Epitaph.*

HEre *Aretine* lies moſt bitter gall,
Who whilſt he lived ſpoke evill of all,
Only of God the Arrant Scot
Naught ſaid, but that he knew him not.

Compariſon of his thoughts to Pearls.

VVIth open ſhells in ſeas, on heavenly dew,
A ſhining Oyſter luſciouſly doth feed,
And then the birth of that æthereall ſeed
Shews when conceiv'd if Skies looke dark or blew:
So do my thoughts (Cœleſtiall twins) of you,
At whoſe aſpect they firſt begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonſtrate true
If ye then ſmil'd: or lowr'd in mourning weed
Pearles then are orient fram'd, and faire in forme
If heavens in their conceptions do look cleare:
But if they thunder, or do threat a ſtorme.
They ſadly darke and cloudy do appeare;
Right ſo my thoughts, and ſo my notes do change,
Sweet if ye ſmile, and hoarſe if ye look ſtrange.

All

All changeth.

THe angry Winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring Deep;
And though heavens often weep,
Yet do they ſmile for joy when comes diſmay;
Froſts do not ever kill the pleaſant flow'rs,
And Love hath ſweets when gone are all the foures.
This ſaid, a ſhepheard cloſing in his armes
His deare; who bluſht to feele Loves new alarmes.

Silenus *to King* Midas.

THe greateſt gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breath, or breathing once
A ſuckling end his daies, and leave to live,
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor feares the *Stygian* Lakes annoy.

To his amorous thought.

SWeet wanton thought, who art of beauty borne,
And who on beauty feedſt, and ſweet deſire,
Like Taper flee, ſtill circling, and ſtill turne
About that flame; that all ſo much admire
That heavenly faire, which doth out-bluſh the morne,
Thoſe Ivory hands, thoſe threads of golden wire
Thou ſtill ſurroundeſt yet dar'ſt not aſpire;
Sure thou doſt well that place not to come neare,
Nor ſee the Majeſty of that faire Court;
For if thou ſaw'ſt what wonders there reſort,
The poore intelligence that moves that ſpheare
Like ſoules aſcending to thoſe Joyes above;
Back never wouldſt thou turne, nor thence remove.

What

What can we hope for more? what more in joy?
Since faireſt things thus ſooneſt have their end,
And as on bodies ſhadows do attend,
Soon all our bliſſe is followed with annoy,
Yet ſhe's not dead, ſhe lives where ſhe did love,
Her memory on earth, her ſoule above.

Verſes on the late William *Earle of* Pembrook.

I.

THe doubtfull feares of Change ſo fright my Mind,
Though raiſed to the higheſt joy in Love,
As in this ſlippery ſtate more griefe I find,
Than they who never ſuch a bliſſe did prove;
But fed with lingring hopes of future Gaine,
Dreame not what 'tis to doubt a Loſers Paine.

II.

Deſire a ſafer Harbour is than Feare,
And not to riſe leſſe danger than to fall;
The want of Jewels we far better beare,
Than ſo poſſeſt at once to loſe them all:
Unſatisfied Hopes Time may repaire,
When ruin'd Faith muſt finiſh in deſpaire.

III.

Alas! Ye look but up the Hill on me,
Which ſhews to you a faire and ſmooth aſcent,
The Precipice behind ye cannot ſee,
On which high Fortunes are too pronely bent:
If there I ſlip, what former joy or bliſſe
Can heale the bruiſe of ſuch a fall as this?

A Reply.

I.

WHo love enjoyes, and placed hath his Mind
Where fairer Vertues faireſt beauties grace,
Than in himſelfe ſuch ſtore of worth doth find,
That he deſerves to hold ſo good a Place;
To chilling feares how can he be ſet forth,
Whoſe feares condemne his own, doubts others (worth?

II.

Deſire, as flames of Zeale, Feare, Horrours meets,
They riſe who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is ſo dainty thitate with ſweets
To murmur when the Banket is remov'd?
The faireſt hopes Time in the Bud deſtroys,
When ſweet are memories of ruin'd Joyes.

III.

It is no Hill but Heaven where you remaine,
And whom Deſert advanced hath ſo high
To reach the Guerdon of his burning Paine,
Muſt not repine to fall, and falling dye,
His Hopes are crown'd; what years of tedious breath
Can them compare with ſuch a happy Death?

W. D.

A Translation.

AH! silly Soule, what wilt thou say
When he whom earth and Heavens obey
Comes Man to judge in the last Day?

II.

When He a reason askes, why Grace
And Goodnesse thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of Vanity didst trace?

III.

That Day of Terrour, Vengeance, Ire,
Now to prevent thou should'st desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

IV.

With watry Eyes, and Sigh-swollen Heart,
O beg, beg in his Love a part,
Whilst Conscience with remorse doth smart.

V.

That dreaded Day of wrath and shame
In flames shall turne this Worlds huge Frame,
As sacred Prophets do proclaime.

VI.

O! with what Griefe shall Earthlings grone
When that great Judge set on his Throne
Examines strictly every One.

Shrill-

VII.

Shrill-ſounding Trumpets through the Aire
Shall from dark Sepulchres each where
Force wretched Mortalls to appeare.

VIII.

Nature and Death amaz'd remaine
To find their dead ariſe againe,
And Proceſſe with their Judge maintaine.

IX.

Diſplay'd then open Books ſhall lye
Which all thoſe ſecret crimes deſcry,
For which the guilty World muſt dye.

X.

The Judge enthron'd (whom Bribes not gaine)
The cloſeſt crimes appeare ſhall plaine,
And none unpuniſhed remaine.

XI.

O who then pitty ſhall poore me!
Or who mine Advocate ſhall be?
When ſcarce the juſteſt paſſe ſhall free.

XII.

All wholly holy dreadfull King,
Who freely life to thine doſt bring,
Of Mercy ſave me Mercies ſpring.

Then

XIII.

Then (ſweet Jeſu) call to mind
How of thy Paines I was the End,
And favour let me that day find.

XIV.

In ſearch of me Thou full of paine
Did'ſt ſweat bloud, Death on Croſſe ſuſtaine,
Let not theſe ſuffrages be in vaine.

XV.

Thou ſupreame Judge, moſt juſt and wiſe,
Purge me from guilt which on me lies
Before that day of thine Aſſize.

XVI.

Charg'd with remorſe (loe) here I groane,
Sin makes my face a bluſh take on;
Ah ſpare me proſtrate at thy Throne.

XVII.

Who *Mary Magdalen* didſt ſpare,
And lend'ſt the Thiefe on Croſſe thine Eare,
Sheweſt me faire hopes I ſhould not feare.

XVIII.

My prayers imperfect are and weake,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And ſave me from Hells burning Lake.

XIX.

On that great Day at thy right hand
Grant I amongſt thy Sheep may ſtand,
Sequeſtred from the Goatiſh Band.

XX.

When that the Reprobates are all
To everlaſting flames made thrall,
O to thy Choſen (Lord) me call;

XXI.

That I one of thy Company,
With thoſe whom thou doſt juſtifie,
May live bleſt in Eternity.

Vpon John *Earle of* Laderdale *his Death.*

OF those rare Worthies, who adorn'd our North
And shin'd like Constellations, Thou alone
Remaindst last (great *Maitland*) charg'd with worth,
Second in Vertues Theater to none.
But finding all eccentrick in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or inurn'd;
Truth, Faith, and Charity reputed Crimes.
The young man destinate by sword to fall,
And Trophees of their Countries spoiles to reare;
Strange Laws the Ag'd, and prudent to appale,
And forc'd sad yoakes of Tyranny to beare.
And for nor great, nor vertues minds a roome,
Disdaining life, thou shouldst into thy Tombe.

II.

WHen misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty Oratours in thundring termes
Shall move you (people) to arise in armes,
And Churches hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one generall sepulchre
(As *Averroes* did one generall Soule)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull Predecessors rites controule;
Ah spare this Monument, great Guests it keeps,
Three grave Justiciars, whom true worth did raise,
The Muses Darlings, whose losse *Phœbus* weeps:
Best mens delight, the glory of their daies.
More we would say, but feare, and stand in aw
To turne Idolaters, and break your Law.

III.

DO not repine (bleſt ſoule) that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their Verſe:
No high ſtrain'd Muſe our times and ſorrows fits:
And we do ſigh, not ſing, to crown thy Hearſe.
Thy wiſeſt Prince, e're manag'd *Brittaines* State
Did not diſdaine in numbers cleere and brave,
The vertues of thy Sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memoriall on his Grave.
Thou didſt deſerve no leſſe; and here in Jet,
Gold, Touch, Braſſe, Porphyrie, or *Parian* Stone,
That by a Princes hand no lines are ſet
For thee: the cauſe is now this Land hath none.
Such Giant Moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be Kings.

EPI-

EPITAPHS.

TO
The Obsequies of the blessed Prince, JAMES, King of Great Brittaine.

LEt holy *David*, *Solomon* the Wise,
That King, whose Breast *Ægeria* did inflame;
Augustus, *Helens* Son, Great in all Eyes,
Do Homage low to thy *Mausolean* Frame;
And bow before thy Laurels Anadem.
Let all those sacred Swans, which to the Skies
By never-dying Layes have rais'd their Name,
From North to South, where Sun doth set and rise.
Religion, Orphan'd, waileth o're thy Urne,
Justice weeps out her Eyes, now truly blind,
To *Niobes* the remnant Vertues turne:
Fame, but to blaze thy Glories, staies behind
I'th' World, which late was golden by thy Breath,
Is Iron turn'd, and horrid by thy Death.

On the Death of a young Lady.

THis Beauty which pale Death in Duſt did turne,
And clos'd ſo ſoon within a Coffin ſad,
Did paſſe like Lightning, like to Thunder burne;
So little Life, ſo much of Worth it had!
Heavens but to ſhew their Might here made it ſhine,
And when admir'd, then in the Worlds diſdaine
(O Teares, O Griefe!) did call it back againe,
Leſt Earth ſhould vaunt ſhe kept what was Divine.
What can we hope for more? what more enjoy?
Sith faireſt things thus ſooneſt have their End;
And, as on Bodies ſhadows do attend,
Sith all our Bliſſe is follow'd with Annoy?
She is not dead, ſhe lives where ſhe did love,
Her Memory on Earth, her ſou'e above.

FOnd Wight, who dream'ſt of Greatneſs, Glory, State,
And Worlds of Pleaſures, Honours doſt deviſe,
Awake, Learne how that hete thou art not Great,
Nor glorious, By this Monument turne wiſe.

One le enſhrineth ſprung of ancient ſtemm,
And (if that Blood Nobility can make,)
From which ſome Kings have not diſdain'd to take
Their proud Deſcent, a rare and matchleſſe Gemm.

A Beauty here it holds by full aſſurance,
Than which no blooming Roſe was more refin'd,
Nor Mornings Bluſh more radiant ever ſhin'd,
Ah! too too like to Morne and Roſe at laſt.

It

It holds her who in Wits alcendant far
Did Yeares and Sex transcend, To whom the Heaven
More Vertue than to all this Age had given,
For Vertue Meteor turn'd, when she a ſtar.

Faire Mirth, ſweet Converſation, Modeſty,
And what thoſe Kings of Numbers did conceive
By Muſes Nine, and Graces moe than Three,
Lye clos'd within the Compaſſe of this Grave.

Thus Death all Earthly glories doth confound,
Loe! how much Worth a little Duſt doth bound.

FAr from theſe Bankes exiled be all Joyes,
Contentments, Pleaſures, Muſick (cares reliefe)
Tears, Sighs, Plaints, Horrours, Frightments, ſad Annoies
Inveſt theſe Mountaines, fill all Hearts with Griefe.

Here Nightingals and Turtles vent your moanes;
Amphriſian Shepheard here come feed thy Flocke,
And read thy *Hyacinth* amidſt our Groanes,
Plaine Eccho thy *Narciſſus* from our Rocks.

Loſt have our Meads their Beauty, Hills their Gemms,
Our Brooks their Chriſtall, Groves their pleaſant ſhade,
The faireſt Flow'r of all our Anademms
Death cropped hath, the *Lesbia* chaſte is dead.

Thus ſigh'd the Tyne then ſhrunke beneath his Urne,
And Meads, Brooks, Rivers, Hills about did mourne.

THe Flower of Virgins in her Prime of yeares
By ruthleſſe Deſtinies is ta'ne away,
And rap'd from Earth, poore Earth, before this Day,
Which ne're was rightly nam'd a Vale of Teares.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, ſweet Modeſty
No more appeares; She whoſe harmonious ſounds
Did raviſh Senſe, and charme Minds deepeſt wounds,
Embanim'd with many a Teare now low doth lye.

Faire Hopes now vaniſh'd are; She ſhould have grac'd
A Princes Marriage-Bed; but (loe!) in Heaven
Bleſt Paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an Angell, now is with them plac'd.

Vertue is but a Name abſtractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what ſhe was in effect,
A ſhadow from her Frame which did reflect,
A Pourtrait by her Excellencies limm'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'ſt; Here lies a Branch of *Maitland's* ſtemm,
And *Seytons* Off-ſpring; know that either Name
Deſignes all worth yet reacht by humane Thought.

Tombes (elſe-where) uſe Life to their Gueſts to give,
Theſe Aſhes can fraile Monuments make live.

Another

Another on the ſame ſubject.

Like to the Gardens Eye, the Flower of Flow'rs
With purple Pompe that dazle doth the Sight;
Or as among the leſſer Gems of Night,
The Uſher of the Planet of the Houres:
Sweet Maid, thou ſhinedſt on this World of ours,
Of all Perfections having trac'd the hight,
Thine outward frame was faire, faire inward Powers,
A Saphire Lanthorne, and an incenſe light.
Hence, the enamour'd Heaven as too too good
On Earths all-thorny ſoyle long to abide,
Tranſplanted to their Fields ſo rare a Bud,
Where from thy *Sun* no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loſſe, and wiſh'd ſhe had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer ſpace.

HArd Laws of mortall Life!
To which made Thrales we come without conſent,
Like Tapers, lighted to be early ſpent,
Our Griefes are alwaies rife,
When joyes but halting march, and ſwiftly fly
Like ſhadows in the Eye:
The ſhadow doth not yeeld unto the *Sun*,
But Joyes and Life do waſte even when begun.

On the Death of a Nobleman in Scotland, *buried at* Aithen.

Aithen, thy Pearly Coronet let fall,
Clad in sad Robes upon thy Temples set,
The weeping Cypresse, or the sable Jet.

Mourne this thy Nurslings losse, a losse which all
Apollos Quire bemoanes, which many yeares
Cannot repaire, nor Influence of Spheares.

Ah! when shalt thou find Shepheard like to him,
Who made thy Bankes more famous by his worth,
Then all thole Gems thy Rocks and Streams send forth.

His splendor others Glow-worm light did dim,
Sprung of an ancient and a vertuous Race,
He Vertue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildnesse thy halfe-barbarous swaines,
The Good-mans Refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparaleld in friendship, worlds Delight.

For Hospitality along thy Plaines
Far-fam'd, a Patron, and a Patterne faire,
Of Piety, the Muses chiefe repaire.

Most debonaire in Courtesie supreame,
Lov'd of the meane, and honour'd by the Great,
Ne're dasht by Fortune, nor cast down by Fate,
To present, and to after Times a Theame.

Aithen,

Aithen, thy Teares poure on this silent Grave,
And drop them in thy Alabaster cave,
And *Niobes* Imagery become;
And when thou hast distilled here a Tombe,
Enchace in it thy Pearls, and let it beare,
Aithens best Gem and honour shrin'd lies here.

FAme Register of Time
Write in thy Scrowle, that I
Of Wisdome Lover, and sweet Poesie,
Was cropped in my Prime:
And ripe in worth, though green in yeares, did dye.

IUstice, Truth, Peace, and Hospitality,
Friendship, and Love, being resolv'd to dye
In these lewd Times, have chosen here to have
With just true pious [illegible] their Grave;
Them cherish'd be so much, so much did grace,
That they on Earth would choose none other Place.

WHen Death to deck his Trophees stop thy breath,
Rare Ornament and Glory of these Parts:
All with moist Eyes might say, and ruthfull hearts,
That things immortall vassal'd were to Death.

What Good in Parts on many shar'd we see
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow,
To make a Matter Piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in grosse to Thee.

In

In Honour, Bounty, Rich, in Valour, Wit,
In Courtesie, Borne of an ancient Race,
With Bayes in war, with Olives crown'd in Peace,
Match'd great, with Off-spring for great Actions fit.

No Rust of Times, nor Change, thy Vertue wan
With Times to change, when Truth, Faith, Love decay'd,
In this new Age (like Fate) thou fixed stay'd
Of the first World an all-substantiall Man.

As earst this Kingdome given was to thy Syre,
The Prince his Daughter trusted to thy Care,
And well the credit of a Gem so rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Yeares cannot wrong thy Worth, that now appeares
By others set as Diamonds among Pearles,
A Queens deare Foster, Father to three Earles,
Enough on Earth to triumph are o're yeares.

Life a Sea-voyage is, Death is the Haven,
And fraught with honour there thou hast arriv'd,
Which Thousands seeking have on Rocks been driven,
That Good adornes thy Grave which with thee liv'd:

For a fraile Life which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast freed of Annoy.

Within

WIthin the Closure of this Narrow Grave
Lye all those Graces a Good-wife could have:
But on this Marble they shall not be read,
For then the Living envy would the Dead.

THe Daughter of a King of Princely Parts,
In Beauty eminent, in Vertues chiefe,
Loadstar of Love, and Loadstone of all hearts,
Her Friends, and Husbands only Joy, now Griefe:
Is here pent up within a Marble Frame,
Whose Paralell no Times, no Climates claime.

VErses fraile Records are to keep a Name,
Or raise from Dust Men to a Life of Fame,
The sport and spoyle of Ignorance; but far
More fraile the Frames of Touch and Marble are,
Which envy, Avarice, Time e're long confound,
Or mis-devotion equalls with the Ground.
Vertue alone doth last, frees man from Death,
And, though despis'd and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in Angels Diamantine Roles,
And blazed in the Courts above the Poles.
Thou wast faire Vertues Temple, they did dwell,
And live ador'd in thee, nought did excell
But what thou either didst possesse or love,
The Graces Darling, and the maids of *Jove*,
Courted by Fame for Bounties which the Heaven
Gave thee in great, which if in Parcels given

Too many, ſuch we happy ſure might call,
How happy then waſt thou who enjoyedſt them all?
A whiter Soule ne're body did inveſt,
And now (ſequeſtred) cannot be but bleſt,
Enrob'd in Glory, 'midſt thoſe Hierarchies
Of that immortall People of the Skies,
Bright Saints and Angels, there from cares made free
Nought doth becloud thy ſoveraign Good from Thee.
Thou ſmil'ſt at Earths Confuſions and Jars,
And how for *Centaures* Children we wage wars:
Like honey Flies, whoſe rage whole ſwarmes conſumes
Till Duſt thrown on them makes them vaile their plumes.
Thy friends to thee a Monument would raiſe,
And limne thy Vertues; but dull griefe thy Praiſe
Breakes in the Entrance, and our Taske proves vaine,
What duty writes that woe blots out againe:
Yet Love a Pyramid of Sighs thee reares,
And doth embaulme thee with Fare-wells and Teares.

Rose.

THough Marble Porphyry, and mourning Touch
May praise these spoiles, yet can they not too much;
For Beauty last, and this Stone doth close,
Once Earths Delight, Heavens care, a purest Rose.
And (Reader) shouldst thou but let fall a Teare
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appeare,
Sad Violets and Hyacinths which grow
With markes of griefe: a publike losse to show.

II.

Relenting Eye, which daigneſt to this Stone
To lend a look, behold, here he laid one.
The Living and the Dead interr'd, for Dead
The Turtle in its Mate is; and she fled
From Earth, her choos'd this Place of Griefe
To bound Thoughts, a small and sad Reliefe.
His is this Monument, for hers no Art
Could frame, a Pyramide rais'd of his Heart.

III.

Instead of Epitaphs and airy praise
This Monument a Lady chaste did raise
To her Lords living fame, and after Death
Her Body doth unto this Place bequeath,
To rest with his, till Gods shrill Trumpet sound,
Though time her Life, no time her love could bound.

To Sir W. A.

THough I have twice been at the Doores of Death,
And twice found shut those Gates which ever mourn,
This but a Lightning is, Truce ta'ne to Breath,
For late borne sorrows augure fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred Cares, and Courtly Toyles,
Alexis, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;

If thou e're held me deare, by all our Love,
By all that Blisse, those Joyes Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of *Jove*,
To grave this short remembrance on my Grave:

Here *Damon* lies, whose Songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk, may Roses shade the place.

FINIS.

The most

ELEGANT,

AND

ELABOVRATE

POEMS

Of that Great

COURT-VVIT,

Mr *William Drummond.*

Whose Labours, both in Verse and Prose, being heretofore so precious to Prince *Henry*, and to K. *Charles*, Shall live and flourish in all Ages whiles there are men to read them, or Art & Judgment to approve them.

Horat. *Carm.* Lib. 1.

——*Multaq; pars mei*
Vitabit Libitinam——

LONDON,
Printed for *William Rands* Bookseller, at his House over against the *Beare* Taverne in *Fleetstreet*, 1659.

Sandh Phillips Sandh Sandh

~~Plin~~ B C mf

SON.

FAire is my Yoake, though grievous be my Paines,
Sweet are my Wounds, although they deeply smart,
My Bit is Gold, though shortened be the Reines,
My Bondage brave, though I may not depart,
Although I burne, the Fire which doth impart
Those Flames, so sweet reviving Force containes,
That like *Arabia's* Bird my wasted Heart
Made quick by Death, more lively still remaines.
I joy though oft my waking Eyes spend Teares,
I never want Delight, even when I grone,
Best companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of Hopes I have midst Hells of Feares:
Thus every way Contentment strange I find,
But most in Her rare Beauty, my rare Mind.

SON.

VAunt not, fair *Heavens*, of your two glorious Lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they shine,
And shining, cannot show their Beames divine
Both in one Place, but part by Daies and Nights;
Earth vaunt not of those Treasures ye enshrine,
Held only deare, because hid from our Sights,
Your pure and burnish'd Gold, your Diamonds fine,
Snow-passing Ivory that the Eye delights.
Nor *Seas* of those deare Wares are in you found
Vaunt not, rich Pearle, red Corrall which do stir
A fond desire in Fooles to plunge your Ground;
These all more faire are to be had in Her:
Pearle, Ivory, Corrall, Diamond, Suns, Gold,
Teeth, Neck, Lips, Heart, Eyes, Haire are to behold.

When

SON.

WHen *Nature* now had wonderfully wrought
All *Auriſtellas* Parts, except her Eyes,
To make thoſe Twins two Lamps in *Beauties* Skies,
She Counſell of her *Starry Senate* ſought.
Mars and *Apollo* firſt did her adviſe,
To wrap in Colour Black, thoſe Comets bright,
That *Love* him ſo might ſoberly diſguiſe,
And unperceived Wound at every Sight.
Chaſte *Phœbe* ſpake for pureſt azure dies;
But *Jove* and *Venus* green about the Light,
To frame thought beſt, as bringing moſt Delight,
That to pin'd Hearts *Hope* might for aye ariſe:
Nature [all ſaid] a *Paradiſe* of green
There plac'd, to make all love which have them ſeen.

SON.

NOw while the *Night* her ſable Vaile hath ſpred,
And ſilently her reſty Coach doth rolle,
Rowſing with Her from *Tethis* azure Bed,
Thoſe ſtarry *Nymphs* which dance about the Pole,
While *Cynthia* in pureſt Cipres cled,
The *Latmian* Shepheard in a Trance deſcries,
And looking pale from height of all the Skies,
She dies her Beauties in a bluſhing Red,
While *Sleep* (in Triumph) cloſed hath all Eyes,
And Birds, and Beaſts a Silence ſweet do keep,
And *Proteus* monſtrous People in the Deep,
The Winds and Waves (huſht up) to reſt entiſe,
I wake, I turne, I weep oppreſt with Paine,
Perplex'd in the *Meanders* of my Braine.

SON.

Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest,
Prince whose Approach Peace to all Mortals brings,
Indifferent Host to Shepheards and to Kings,
Sole Comforter of Minds which are oppresst.
Loe, by thy Charming Rod all breathing Things
Lie slumbring, with Forgetfulnesse possest,
And yet o're me to spread thy drowsie Wings
Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy Guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that Face
To inward Light which thou art wont to shew,
With fained Solace ease a true felt Woe;
Or if *deafe God* thou do deny that Grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kisse the *Image of my Death.*

SON.

FAire *Moone* who with thy cold and silver Shine,
Makes sweet the Horror of the dreadfull *Night*,
Delighting the weake Eye with smiles divine,
Which *Phœbus* dazels with his too much Light,
Bright Queen of the *first Heaven*, if in thy Shrine
By turning oft, and Heavens eternall Might,
Thou hast not yet that *once sweet Fire* of thine
Endemion, forgot, and Lovers Plight:
If Cause like thine may Pity breed in thee,
And Pity somewhat else to it obtaine,
Since thou hast Power of Dreames as well as He
That holds the golden Rod, and Morall Chaine:
Now while She sleeps in dolefull Guise her Show,
These Teares, and the black *Map* of all my Woe.

Lampe

SON.

LAmpe of Heavens Chriſtall Hall that brings the
Eye-dazeler, who makes the ugly *Night* (Houres,
At thy Approach flie to her ſlumbry Bowres,
And fills the World with Wonder and Delight.
Life of all lives, Death-giver by thy flight
To the ſouth Pole from theſe ſixe Signes of ours,
Gold-ſmith of all the Stars, with Silver bright
Who *Moone* enamells, *Apelles* of the Flowers.
Ah from thoſe watry Plaines thy golden Head
Raiſe up, and bring the ſo long lingring *Morne*,
A Grave, nay Hell, I find become this Bed,
This Bed ſo grievouſly where I am torne:
But *woe is* me though thou now brought the Day,
Day ſhall but ſerve moe Sorrows to diſplay.

SONG.

IT was the time when to our Northerne Pole
The brightest Lampe of Heaven begins to rolle,
When Earth more wanton in new Robes appeareth,
And scorning Skies her Flowres in Raim-bows beareth,
On which the Aire moist Diamonds doth bequeath,
Which quake to feele the kissing Zephires *breath:*
When Birds from shady Groves their Love forth warble,
And Sea-like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Mar- (ble,
When I in simple course free from all Cares,
Far from the muddy Worlds inslaving snares.
By Oras *flowry Bankes alone did wander:*
Ora *that sports her like to old* Meander,
A Flood more worthy Fame and lasting praise
Then that so high which Phaëtons *fall did raise:*
By whose pure moving Glasse the Milke-white Lillies
Do dresse their tresses and the Daffadillies.
Where Ora *with a Wood is crown'd about*
And (*seems*) *forgets the way how to come out,*
A place there is, where a delicious Fountaine
Springs from the swelling brest of a proud Mountaine,
Whose falling Streames the quiet Cavernes wound,
And make the Echoes *shrill resound that sound.*
The Laurell there the shing Channell graces,
The Palm her Love with long stretch'd Armes embraces,
The Poplar spreads her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from sight that azure Canopy.
The Streams the Trees, the Trees their leaves still nourish,
That Place grave Winter *finds not without flourish.*
If living Eyes Elysian *fields could see*
This little Arden *might* Elysium *be.*
Oft did Diana *there her selfe repose,*
And Mars *the* Acidalian *Queen enclose.*

The

The Nymphs *oft here their baskets bring with Flow'rs,*
And Anadems weave for their Paramours,
The Satyres *in those shades are heard to languish,*
And make the Shepheards partners of their anguish,
The Shepheards, who in Barkes of tender Trees
Do grave their Loves, Disdaines, and Jealousies:
Which Phillis *when there by Her Flocks she feedeth,*
With Pitty now, anon, with laughter readeth.

Neare to this place when Sun in midst of Day
In highest top of Heaven his Coach did stay,
And (as advising) on his Career glanced
As all along, that morne he had advanced
His panting Steeds along those Fields of light,
Most princely looking from that glorious height:
When most the Grashoppers are heard in Meadows,
And loftiest Pines or small, or have no shadows:
It was my hap. O woefull hap! to hide
Where thickest shades me from all Rayes did hide,
In a faire Arbor, 'twas some Sylvans *Chamber,*
Whose Seeling spread was with the Locks of Amber
Of new bloom'd Sicamers, Floore wrought with Flow'rs,
More sweet and rich than those in Princes Bow'rs.
Here Adon *blush't, and* Clitia *all amazed*
Looke pale, with Him who in the Fountaine gazed,
The Amaranthus *smyl'd, and that sweet Boy*
Which sometime was the God of Delos *joy:*
The brave Carnation, speckled Pinke here shined,
The Violet her fainting Head declined
Beneath a sleepy Chasbow, all of Gold
The Marigold her leaves did here unfold.

Now while that ravish'd with delight and wonder,
Halfe in a trance I lay those Arches under,
The season, silence, place, began' entise,
Eyes drowsie lids to bring Night on their Skies,
Which softly having stollen themselves together
(Like evening Clouds) me plac'd I wot not whether.

As Cowards leave the Fort which they should keep,
My senses one by one gave place to Sleep,
Who followed with a troupe of golden Slumbers
Thrust from my quiet Brawe all base encumbers,
And thrice me touching with his Rod of Gold,
A Heaven of Visions in my Temples roll'd,
To countervaile those Pleasures were bereft me,
Thus in his silent Prison clos'd he left me.

Me thought through all the neighbour Woods a noise
Of Quiristers, *more sweet than Lute or voice,*
(For those harmonious sounds to Jove *are given*
By the swift touches of the nine-string'd Heaven,
Such aires, and nothing else) did wound mine Eare,
No Soule but would become all Eare to heare:
And whilst I listning lay, O lovely wonder!
I saw a pleasant Mirtle cleave asunder;
A Mirtle great with birth, from whose rent wombe
Three naked Nymphs *more white than Snow forth come.*
For Nymphs *they seem'd, about their heavenly faces*
In Waves of Gold floted their curling Tresses,
About their armes, their Armes more white than milke,
They blushing Armlets wore of crimson Silke.
The Goddesses were such that by Scamander,
Appeared to the Phrygian Alexander:
Aglaia *and her Sisters such perchance*
Be when about some sacred Spring they dance.
But scarce the Grove their naked Beauties graced,
And on the Verdure had each other traced,
When to the Flood they ran, the Flood in Robes
Of curling Christall their brests Ivory Globes
Did all about incircle, yet took pleasure
To show white Snows throughout her liquid Azure.

Look how Prometheus *Man when heavenly fire*
First gave him Breath, Daies Brandon did admire,
And wondred at this Worlds Amphitheater:
So gaz'd I on those new guests of the Water.

All three were faire, yet one excell'd as far
The rest as Phœbus *doth the* Cyprian *Star,*
Or Diamonds, small Gems, or Gems do other,
Or Pearls that shining shell is call'd their Mother.
Her Haire more bright than are the Mornings Beames
Hung in a golden shower above the Streames,
And dangling sought her fore-head for to cover,
Which seen did straight a Skie of Milke discover,
With two faire Brows, Loves *Bows which never bend*
But that a golden Arrow forth they send.
Beneath the which two burning Planets *glancing*
Flasht flames of Love, for Love there still is dancing.
Her either Cheeke resembled blushing Morne,
Or Roses Gueles *in field of Lilies borne:*
'Twixt which an Ivory Wall so faire is raisd,
That it is but abased when it's praisd.
Her Lips like Rows of Corrall soft did swell,
And th' one like th' other only doth excell:
The Tyrian *Fish looks pale, pale look the Roses,*
The Rubies pale, when mouth sweet Cherry closes.
Her Chin like silver Phœbe *did appeare*
Darke in the midst to make the rest more cleare:
Her Neck seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias *Master,*
Most smooth, most white a peece of Alabaster.
Two foaming Billows flow'd upon her brest,
Which did their tops with Corrall red encrest:
There all about as Brooks them sport at leisure,
With Circling Branches veines did swell in azure:
Within those crookes are only found those Isles
Which Fortunate *the dreaming old World stiles.*
The rest the Streames did hide, but as a Lilly
Sunke in a Christals faire transparent Belly.
I who yet humane weakenesse did not know,
(For yet I had not felt that Archers Bow,
Nor could I thinke that from the coldest Water
The winged Tongling burning Flames could scatter)

On every part my vagabounding sight
Did cast, and drowne mine Eyes in sweet Delight,
O wondrous thing (said I) that Beauty *is named!*
Now I perceive I heretofore have dreamed,
And never found in all my flying Daies
Joy unto this, which only merits praise.
My pleasures have been paines, my comforts crosses,
My treasure poverty, my gaines but losses.
O precious sight! which none doth else descry
Except the burning Sun, and quivering I.
And yet O deare-bought Sight! O would for ever
I might enjoy you, or had joy'd you never!
O happy Flood! if so ye might abide,
Yet ever glory of this Moments Pride,
Adjure your Rillets all for to behold Her,
And in their Christall Armes to come and fold Her;
And sith ye may not long this Blisse embrace,
Draw thousand Pourtraits of Her on your Face,
Pourtraits which in my Heart be more apparent,
If like to yours my Brest but were transparent.
O that I were while She doth in you play,
A Daulphine to transport Her to the Sea!
To none of all those Gods I would Her render,
From Thule *to* Inde *though I should with Her wander.*
Oh! what is this? the more I fixe mine Eye,
Mine Eye the more new Wonders doth espie,
The more I spie, the more in uncouth fashion
My Soule is ravish'd in a pleasant passion.
But looke not Eyes, (as more I would have said)
A sound of rattling Wheeles me all dismaid,
And with the sound forth from the trembling Pushes,
With storme-like course a sumptuous Chariot rushes,
A Chariot all of Gold, the Wheeles were Gold,
The Nailes and Axel Gold on which it roll'd:
The upmost part a Scarlet Vaile did cover,
More rich than Danaes *Lap spred with her Lover.*

In

In midst of it in a triumphing Chaire,
A Lady sate miraculously faire,
Whose pensive Countenance, and looks of Honour,
Do more allure the mind that thinketh on Her,
Than the most wanton Face, and amorous Eyes,
That Amathus *or flowry* Paphos *sees,*
A Crue of Virgins made a Ring about Her,
The Diamond she they seem the Gold without Her.
Such Thetis *is when to the Billows rore*
With Mermaids nice she danceth on the Shore:
So in a sable Night the Suns bright Sister
Among the lesser twinckling Lights doth glister
Faire Tokes of Ermelines whose Colour passe
The whitest Snows on aged Grampius *Face,*
More swift than Venus *Birds this Chariot guided*
To the astonish'd Banke, where as it bided:
But long it did not bide, when poore those Streames
Aye me *it made, transporting those rich Gemmes,*
And by that Burthen lighter, swiftly drived
Till (as me thought) it at a Tow'r arrived:
Upon a Rock of Christall shining cleare
With Diamonds wrought this Castell did appeare,
Who rising spires of Gold so high them reared
That Atlas-*like it seem'd the Heaven they beared.*
Amidst which Hights on Arches did arise
(Arches which guilt Flames brandish to the Skies)
Of sparking Topaces, Proud, Gorgeous, Ample,
(Like to a little Heaven) a sacred Temple.
The Walls no Windows have, nay all the Wall
Is but one Window, Night there doth not fall
More when the Sun to Westerne Worlds declineth,
Than in our Zenith when at Noone He shineth.
Two flaming Hills the passage strait defend
Which to this radiant Building doth ascend,
Upon whose Arching tops on a Pilastre
A Port stands open, rais'd in Loves *Disastre*

For none that narrow Bridge and gate can paſſe,
Who have their Faces ſeen in Venus *Glaſſe.*
If thoſe within, but to come forth do venter,
That ſtately Place againe they never enter.
The Precinct's ſtrengthened with a Dutch of Feares,
In which doth ſwell a Lake of Inky Teares
Of madding Lovers, who abide their moaning,
And thicken even the Aire with pitious groaning.
This Hold to brave the Skies the Deſtines *fram'd,*
And then the Fort of Chaſtity *is nam'd.*
The Queen of the third Heaven once to appall it,
The God of Thrace *Here brought who could not thrall it;*
For which he vow'd ne're Armes more to put on,
And on Riphean *Hils was heard to groan.*
Here Pſyches *Lover hurles his Darts at random,*
Which all for nought him ſerve, as doth his Brandon.
What grievous Agony did invade my Mind?
When in that Place my Hope I ſaw confin'd,
Where with high-towring Thoughts I only reacht her,
Which did burne up their Wings when they approacht her.
Me thought I ſet me by a Cypreſſe *ſhade,*
And Night and Day the Hyacinthe there read:
And that bewailing Nightingales did borrow
Plaints of my Plaint, and ſorrows of my Sorrow.
My food was Worm-wood, mine own Teares my drinke,
My reſt, on Death and ſad Miſhaps to thinke.
And for ſuch Thoughts to have my Heart enlarged,
And eaſe mine Eyes with brinie Tribute charged,
Over a Brook I laid my pining Face:
But then the Brooke as griev'd at my Diſgrace,
A Face Me ſhew'd ſo pin'd, ſad, over-clouded,
That at the Sight afray'd mine Eyes them ſhrowded.
This is the guerdon Love, *this is the Gaine,*
In end which to thy Servants doth remaine.
More would I ſay; when Feare made Sleep *to leave me,*
And of thoſe fatall Shadows did bereave me.

But ah alas! inſtead to dreame of Love,
And Woes, I now them in effect did prove:
For what into my troubl'd Braine was painted,
Awak'd I found that Time and Place preſented.

SONNETS.

AH burning Thoughts now let me take ſome Reſt,
And your tumultuous Broyles a while appeaſe:
Is't not enough, *Stars*, *Fortune*, *Love* moleſt
Me all at once, but ye muſt too diſpleaſe?
Let Hope (though falſe) yet lodge within my breſt,
My high Attempt (though dangerous) yet praiſe:
What though I trace not right Heavens ſteppy waies,
It doth ſuffice my Fall ſhall make me bleſt.
I do not doat on Daies, I feare not *Death*,
So that my Life be good, I wiſh't not long;
Let me Renown'd live from the Worldly Throng,
And when Heaven liſts, recall this borrowed Breath.
Men but like Viſions are, Time all doth claime,
He lives who dies to win a laſting Name.

SON.

THat learned *Grecian* who did ſo excell
In Knowledge paſſing Senſe, that he is nam'd
Of all the after Worlds *Divine*, doth tell
That all the Time when firſt our Soules are fram'd,
Ere in theſe Manſions blind they come to dwell,
They live bright Rayes of that *Eternall light*,
And others ſee, know, love, in Heavens great height,
Not toyld with ought to *Reaſon* do rebell.
It is moſt true, for ſtraight at the firſt ſight
My Mind me told that in ſome other place
It elſewhere ſaw th' *Idea* of that face,
And lov'd a love of Heavenly pure delight.
What wonder now I feele ſo faire a flame,
Sith I her lov'd ere on this *Earth* She came?

Nor

SON.

NOr *Arne*, nor *Mincius*, nor ſtately *Tiber*,
Sebethus, nor the Flood into whoſe ſtreames
He fell who burnt the world with borrowed beames,
Gold-rolling *Tagus*, *Munda*, famous *Iber*,
Sorgue, *Reſne*, *Loire*, *Garron*, nor proud-banked *Seine*,
Peneus, *Phaſis Xanthus*, humble *Ladon*,
Nor *She* whoſe Nymphes excell her loved *Adon*
Faire *Tameſis*, nor *Iſter* large, nor *Rheine*,
Euphrates, *Tigris*, *Indus*, *Hermus*, *Gange*,
Pearly *Hydaſpes*, Serpent-like *Meander*,
The Floud which robbed *Hero* of *Leander*,
Nile that far far his hidden Head doth range,
Have ever had ſo rare a cauſe of praiſe,
As *Ora* where this *Northerne Phœnix* ſtayes.

SON.

TO heare my plaints faire River Chriſtalline
Thou in a ſilent ſlumber ſeems to ſtay,
Delicious Flowers Lilly and Columbine,
Ye bow your Heads when I my Woes diſplay.
Forreſts in you the *Mirtle*, *Palme* and *Bay*,
Have had compaſſion liſtning to my groanes,
The Winds with ſighs have ſolemniz'd my moanes
'Mong leaves, which whiſper'd what they could not ſay,
The Caves, the Rocks, the Hills, the *Sylvans* Thrones,
(As if even pitty did in them appeare,)
Have at my ſorrow rent their ruthleſſe ſtones,
Each thing I find hath ſence except my Deare,
Who doth not thinke I love, or will not know
My Griefe, perchance delighting in my woe.

Sweet

SON.

SWeet Brook, in whoſe cleare Chriſtall I my eyes
Have oft ſeen great in labour of their teares,
Enamell'd Banke whoſe ſhining gravell beares
Theſe ſad Characters of my miſeries;
High Woods, whoſe mounting tops menace the Sphears,
Wild Citizens, *Amphions* of the Trees,
You gloomy Groves at hotteſt Noons which freeze,
Elyſian ſhades which *Phœbus* never cleares;
Vaſte ſolitary Mountaines pleaſant Plaines,
Embroydred Meads that *Ocean*-waies you reach;
Hills, Dales, Springs, All whom my ſad cry conſtraines
To take part of my plaints, and learne woes ſpeech,
Will that remorſeleſſe faire e're pity ſhow?
Of grace now anſwer if ye ought know: *No.*

SON.

WIth flaming Horns the *Bull* now brings the yeare,
Melt do the *Mountains* rouling flouds of Snow,
The ſilver Rivers in ſmooth Channels flow,
The Late-bare Woods green Anadeams do weare.
The Nightingall forgetting *Winters* woe,
Cals up the lazy *Morne* her notes to heare,
Spread are thoſe Flow'rs which *names of Princes beare*,
Some red, ſome azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lowes a Heifer, there be-wailing ſtrayes
A harmeleſſe Lambe, not far a Stag rebounds;
The Shepheards ſing to grazing flocks ſweet Layes,
And all about the Ecchoing Aire reſounds.
Hils, Dales, Woods, Flouds, ev'ry thing doth change,
But *She* in *rigour*, *I* in *Love* am ſtrange.

SON.

THat I so slenderly set forth my Mind,
Writing I wot not what in ragged Rimes,
Orecharg'd with brasse in these so golden Times
When others towre so high, am left behind:
I crave not *Phœbus* leave his sacred Cell
To bind my Brows with fresh *Aonian* Baies;
But leave't to those who tuning Sweetest Laies
By *Tempe* sit, or *Aganippes* Well;
Nor yet to *Venus* Tree do I aspire,
Sith *She* for whom I might affect that praise,
My best attempts with cruell words gainsaies,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping *Myrrhe* the Crowne is which I crave,
With a sad *Cypresse* to adorne my Grave.

MADRIGALL.

WHen as She *smiles I find*
More light before mine Eyes,
Than when the Sun from Inde
Brings to our World a flowry Paradise:
But when She *gently weeps,*
And powres forth pearly showers,
On cheeks faire blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps.
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burne,
Love *to behold her smile, or* Pity *mourne.*

SON.

MY Teares may well *Numidian* Lions tame,
And Pity breed into the hardeſt heart
That ever *Pyrrha* did to Maid impart,
When She them firſt of bluſhing Rocks did frame:
Ah Eyes which only ſerve to waile my ſmart,
How long will you my inward Woes proclaime,
May 't not ſuffice you beare a weeping Part
All Night, at day but you muſt do the ſame?
Ceaſe idle Sighs to ſpend your Stormes in vaine,
And theſe ſweet ſilent thickets to moleſt,
Containe you in the Priſon of my Breſt,
You do not eaſe but aggravate my Paine;
Or if burſt forth you muſt, that Tempeſt move
In ſight of her whom I ſo dearely love.

SON.

YOu reſtleſſe Seas appeaſe your roaring Waves,
And you who raiſe huge Mountaines in that Plaine
Aires Trumpeters, your hideous ſounds containe,
And liſten to the plaints my griefe doth cauſe.
Eternall *Lights!* though adamantine Laws
Of Deſtinies to move ſtill you ordaine,
Turne hither all your Eyes, your Axels pauſe,
And wonder at the Torments I ſuſtaine.
Sad Earth, if thou made dull by my diſgrace
Be not as ſenſeleſſe, aske thoſe Powers above
Why they ſo croſt a Wretch brought on thy Face,
Fram'd for miſhap, th' *Anachorit* of Love,
And bid them (that no more *Etnats* may burne)
To *Erimanth'* or *Rhodope* me turne.

SON.

IF croſt with all miſhaps be my poore Life,
If one ſhort day I never ſpent in mirth,
If my Sp'rit with it ſelfe holds laſting ſtrife,
If ſorrows death is but new ſorrows birth;
If this vaine World be but a mournfull Stage,
Where ſlave-borne Man plaies to the laughing Stars,
If Youth be toſs'd with Love, with Weakneſſe Age,
If Knowledge ſerves to hold our Thoughts in Wars,
If *Time* can cloſe the hundred Mouths of *Fame*,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that's to be,
If *Vertue* only be an *Idle Name*,
If being borne I was but borne to dye;
Why ſeek I to prolong theſe loathſome daies?
The faireſt *Roſe* in ſhorteſt time decaies.

SON.

ALl other Beauties howſoe're they ſhine
In Haires more bright than is the golden Ore,
Or cheeks more faire than faireſt *Eglantine*,
Or hands like hers that comes the Sun before:
Match'd with that Heavenly Hew, and ſhape divine,
With thoſe deare Stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as ſhaddows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine.
Who ſees thoſe Eyes, their force that doth not prove?
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not *Venus* Son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not ſence, or knows not what is Love?
To ſee thee had *Narciſſus* had the grace,
He would have died with wondring on thy Face.

SEXTAIN.

THe Heaven doth not containe so many Stars,
Nor levell'd lye so many leaves in Woods,
When Autumne and cold Boreas sound their Wars,
So many Waves have not the Ocean Floods,
As my torn Mind hath torments all the Night,
And Heart spends Sighs, when Phœbus brings the Light.

Why was I made a Partner of the Light,
Who crost in birth, by bad aspect of Stars,
Have never since had happy Day nor Night?
Why was not I a liver in the Woods,
Or Citizen of Thetis christall Floods,
But fram'd a Man for Love and Fortunes Wars?

I look each Day when Death should end the Wars,
Uncivill Wars 'twixt Sense and Reasons Light:
My Paines I count to Mountaines, Meads and Floods,
And of my sorrow Partners make the Stars,
All Desolate I haunt the fearfull Woods,
When I should give my selfe to rest at Night.

With watchfull Eyes I ne'r behold the Night
Mother of Peace, but ah to me of Wars,
And Cynthia Queen-like shining through the Woods,
But straight those Lamps come in my thought whose Light
My Judgement dazel'd, passing brightest Stars,
And then my Eyes in-isle themselves with Floods.

Turne to their Springs againe first shall the Floods,
Cleare shall the Sun the sad and gloomy Night,
To dance about the Pole cease shall the Stars,
The Elements renew their ancient Wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of Place and Light,
Ere I find rest in City, Fields, or Woods.

End thoſe my daies you Inmates of the Woods,
Take this my Life ye deep and raging Flouds,
Sun never riſe to cleare me with thy Light,
Horror *and* Darkneſſe *keep a laſting* Night,
Conſume me Care with thy inteſtine Wars,
And ſtay your Influence o're me bright Stars.

In vaine the Stars, *th' Inhabitants o'th'* Woods,
Care, Horror, Wars *I call and raging* Floods,
For all have ſworne no Night *ſhall dim my* Sight.

SON.

O Sacred Bluſh enpurpling Cheekes, pure skies
With crimſon Wings which ſpred thee like the Morne,
O baſhfull look ſent from thoſe ſhining eyes,
Which though ſlid down on Earth doth Heaven adorne.
O Tongue in which moſt luſhious Nectar lies,
That can at once both bleſſe and make forlorne,
Deare corrall Lip which *Beauty* beautifies,
That trembling ſtood before her words were borne.
And you her Words, Words no, but golden Chaines
Which did inſlave my eares, enſnare my ſoule,
Wiſe Image of her Mind, Mind that containes
A power all Power of *Senſes* for to controule:
So ſweetly you from Love diſſwade do me,
That I love more, if more my Love can be.

Sound

SON.

SOund hoarse sad *Lute*, true witnesse of my woe,
And strive no more to ease selfe-chosen paine
With soule-enchanting sounds, your accents straine
Unto these teares incessantly which flow.
Sad Treeble weep, and you dull Basses show
Your Masters sorrow *in a dolefull straine*;
Let never joyfull Hand upon you go,
Nor Consort keep but when you do complaine.
Flie *Phœbus* Rayes, abhor the irkesome Light,
Woods solitary shades for thee are best,
Or the black horrours of the blackest Night,
When all the *World* save Thou and I do rest:
Then sound sad Lute and beare a mourning part,
Thou *Hell* canst move, though not a Womans *Heart*.

SON.

IN vaine I haunt the cold and *Silver Springs*,
To quench the Fever burning in my veines,
In vaine (*Loves* pilgrim) Mountaines, Dales and Plains
I over-run, vaine help long absence brings.
In vain my Friends your Counsell me constraines
To fly, and place my Thoughts on other things;
Ah like the Bird that fired hath her Wings,
The more *I* move the greater are my paines.
Desire (alas) *Desire* a *Zeuxis* new,
From th' *Orient* borrowing Gold, from *Westerne* skies
Heavenly *Cinabre*, sets before my Eyes
In every place, her Haire, sweet look, and Hue:
That flie, run, rest *I*, all doth prove but vaine,
My life lies in those Eyes which have me slaine.

SON.

SLide soft faire *Forth*, and make a Christall Plaine,
Cut your white Locks, and on your foamy Face
Let not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
The Boat that *Earths Perfections* doth containe.
Winds wonder, and through wondring hold your pace;
Or if that ye your hearts cannot restraine
From sending sighs, *feeling a Lovers Case*,
Sigh, and in her faire haire your selves enchaine.
Or take these sighs which absence makes arise
From my oppressed brest, and fill the sailes.
Or some sweet breath new brought from *Paradise*:
The flouds do smile, *Love* o're the winds prevailes;
And yet huge Waves arise, the cause is this,
The *Ocean* strives with *Forth* the Boat to kisse.

SON.

TRust not sweet soule those curled waves of Gold
With gentle Tides that on your Temples flow,
Nor Temples spred with Flakes of Virgin snow,
Nor snow of Cheeks with *Tyrian* graine enrold.
Trust not those shining Lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure Raies behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the *Thracian* Harper have been told:
Look to this dying *Lilly*, fading *Rose*,
Darke *Hyacinthe*, of late whose blushing Beames
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grasse rejoyce,
And thinke how little is 'twixt Lifes extreames;
The cruell Tyrant that did kill those Flow'rs
Shall once, *aye me*, not spare that Spring of yours.

In

SON.

IN Minds pure Glaſſe when I my ſelfe behold,
And lively ſee how my beſt daies are ſpent,
What clouds of care above my head are rold,
What comming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My courſe begun I wearied do repent,
And would embrace what *Reaſon* oft hath told,
But ſcarce thus thinke I, when Love hath controld
All the beſt reaſons *Reaſon* could invent.
Though ſure I know my labours end is griefe,
The more I ſtrive that I the more ſhall pine,
That only death ſhall be my laſt reliefe:
Yet when I thinke upon that face divine,
Like one with Arrow ſhot, in laughters place,
Maugre my Heart, I joy in my diſgrace.

SON.

DEare Quiriſter, who from thoſe ſhadows ſends
Ere that the bluſhing Morne dare ſhew her Light,
Such ſad lamenting ſtraines, that *Night* attends
(Become all Eare) *Stars* ſtay to heare thy plight.
If one whoſe griefe even reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne're [not in a Dreame] did taſte Delight,
May thee importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeems to joy in woe, in *Woes* deſpight.
Tell me (ſo may thou *Fortune* milder try,
And long long ſing) for what thou thus complaines,
Since *Winter's* gone, and *Sun* in dapled skie
Enamour'd ſmiles on Woods and flowry Plaines?
The Bird, as if my queſtions did her move,
With trembling wings ſigh'd forth *I love, I love.*

SON.

O Cruell Beauty, ſweetneſſe inhumane,
That night and day contends with my deſire,
And ſeeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By Death, not Baulme to eaſe my pleaſant paine.
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would aſpire
And bound my bliſſe, do not *alas* diſdaine
That I your matchleſſe worth and grace admire,
And for their cauſe theſe torments ſharpe ſuſtaine.
Let great *Empedocles* vaunt of his death
Found in the midſt of thoſe *Sicilian* flames,
And *Phaeton* that Heaven him reſt of breath,
And *Dedals* Son who nam'd the *Samian* ſtreames:
Their haps I not envy, my praiſe ſhall be
That the moſt faire that lives mov'd me to dye.

SON.

THe *Hyperborean* Hills, *Ceraunus* Snow,
Or *Arimaſpus* (cruell) firſt thee bred,
The *Caſpian* Tigers with their milke thee fed,
And *Fannes* did humane bloud on thee beſtow.
Fierce *Orithyas* lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd aſleep, where he enrag'd doth blow,
Thou didſt not drinke the Flouds which here do flow,
But teares, or thoſe by ycie *Tanais* Head.
Sith thou diſdaines my love, neglects my griefe,
Laughs at my groanes, and ſtill affects my death:
Of thee, nor Heaven I'll ſeek no more reliefe,
Nor longer entertaine this loathſome breath;
But yeeld unto my *Stars*, that thou maieſt prove,
What loſſe thou hadſt in loſing ſuch a Love,

Phabus

SONG.

PHOEBUS *arise,*
And paint the sable Skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memmons *Mother from her* Tythons *bed,*
That she thy Careere may with Roses spread,
The Nightingales thy comming each where sing,
Make an eternall spring.
Give life to this darke World which lyeth dead.
Spread forth thy golden haire
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And Emperour-like decore
With Diadem of Pearle thy Temples faire:
Chase hence the ugly Night
Which serves but to make deare thy glorious Light.
This is that happy Morne,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so darke,
(If cruell Stars have not my ruine sworne,
And Fates *my hopes betray)*
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting Diamond *should it marke.*
This is the Morne should bring unto this Grove
My Love, to heare, and recompence my love.
Faire King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing Beams,
And thou two sweeter Eyes
Shall see then those which by Peneus *Streames*
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, Suns *which shine as cleare*
As thou when two thou did'st to Rome *appeare.*

Now